

LEND A HAND.

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COMPENSATIONS.

It is sometimes amusing and sometimes pathetic to observe the discouragement which comes upon conscientious people in their efforts to "lift up that which has fallen down."

So soon as a community raises itself in the least above the general level of the society around it, so soon there rush in upon it persons whom it has not trained, who wish to get the benefit of the advantages which have been gained. So — one builds a coffer dam down into the ocean, and then makes a garden on the ground at the bottom of the well which he has created, and then of a sudden the ocean breaks in upon the garden, and things seem to be very much what they were before.

Mr. Emerson said somewhere that if there were a model city in the world all the rest of the world would rush to see how such a miracle had been wrought. What would follow would be that the model city would find that it was a model city no longer, but that its very success had brought upon it new problems, and these the most difficult.

CERTAIN dear friends of ours, tempted by accounts of that terrestrial paradise and happy home which has been established at Pitcairn's Island, used to fancy that they would like to emigrate there. True, it was the fancy with which

Rabia proposed to herself to go to Mecca; still there would be such a satisfaction in living in a community, however small, where young people were not led into temptation, where people sought God and found Him in every hour, and were able to live by His law, without the requisitions of any special code, that they wanted to "try the adventure."

Alas! these enthusiasts learned that even the Pitcairn's Islanders have found that they must keep off from themselves the tramps of the Pacific Ocean, and, except in the most pressing necessity, they do not permit a stranger to spend a night in their village. He is politely requested — nay, he is compelled by a certain moral suasion — to retire to his ship after his visit has been made, before the sun goes down.

Our friends in Japan attained the wonderful results of their civilization — which were wonderful with all their restrictions — by a similar refusal to deal with the rest of the world. They thought they could work out their own problem, but they did not think they could work out the problem of Mongols and the rest who would be glad to flow in upon them. Among others they kept out our Aryan races, and those Aryan races were themselves somewhat surprised when President John Quincy Adams announced that Japan had no right to separate herself from the rest of the world, and that it was the business of the rest of the world to force an entrance there.

IN such considerations there is a good deal to make people sad. But the forward look ought to be a cheerful one, and the determination to be only the more resolute, that we will accept the problem, and not be satisfied with the smaller solution, and that, in city or village, we will build as well as we can. We will build up the civilization of our homes, and be ready to give such welcome as we can to those who would enjoy it.

The Massachusetts towns found out, a generation ago, that in proportion as they improved their poor-houses and made

them comfortable for the paupers who were entrusted to their charge, just in that proportion did other paupers flow in upon them who were glad to have the new elegancies, if we may call them so, of poor-house life. Absolutely, for a few years, there was thus a bounty offered to the Massachusetts towns, and that municipality which kept its poor-house in the worst order was rewarded for doing so by the emigration of its wards to places where they were more considered. This law of ebb and flow led to the present Massachusetts statutes, under which those persons who have not earned their "settlement" in the town are received at the State alms-houses. The State maintains four of these establishments for such persons as have not earned a settlement by living for some years and paying taxes in separate municipalities. Even the State finds itself subject to the general law; the law is that water will flow in where there is no water, and that people will flow to places where they are better provided for than they were. The moment, then, that the State of Massachusetts, or any other State, offers better conditions in its alms-houses than the establishments of neighboring States, people will flow in upon Massachusetts who had never heard of Massachusetts, perhaps, before, and who come for such loaves and fishes as the State alms-houses provide. It then becomes necessary for the relief officers of Massachusetts to send these people back to the States where they "belong," and an interstate comity has grown up which has virtually the force of law, by which it is understood that an emigrant into America "belongs" to the State where he landed, unless he has lived so long in another State as to acquire a law of settlement there. We are disposed to believe that in each State the officers construe the length of residence as they would do, if the law of their own State prevailed over the whole Union.

It is necessary to say all this from time to time, and particularly as the season for the relief of the poor begins, that

all Friendly Visitors, and other persons engaged in the hand-to-hand fight with pauperism, may understand that their worst difficulty is not a new one, but that it is one which belongs to the whole current of the civilization of the world. The progress of the Kingdom of God has gone so far that it is now true that each other part of the world affects each other part of the world. The relieving officers at New Bedford for a long time knew the conditions of wealth and poverty in the islands of the Pacific, as they received one and another Kanacker who found nothing for his hands to do in the seaports of Massachusetts. The condition of life in which people live in a valley, shut off by mountains from the rest of mankind, is only a condition of fairy-tale, or, at best, of *Ras-selas*. We must take the consequences. Our young friends cannot buy a hand-warmer from Japan, or a raw silk pocket-handkerchief, which costs three cents, from the same empire, and at the same time have the old-fashioned conditions of isolated New England which Judge Sewall describes in his diaries. And when one of our young friends, after returning from an afternoon spent in the effort to relieve poverty, expresses the regret that the poor whom he finds are not his brothers or sisters, but that they are people who speak a foreign language, and have been trained, perhaps, to what seems a strange religion, he must ask himself whether he does or does not wish to be in relationship with all the world. We must ask ourselves whether we believe that "God made of one blood all the nations of the earth." We must remember that if we say He did when we are at church, we must own He did when we are at work. We cannot have one side without the other; and we cannot have the blessings of our lives without our share of the responsibilities.

You are very glad that you live in a town where there is a good public library, and that if you choose to read Dante you may read him with the best exposition. You are very

glad that in that town the best music of the world is fitly rendered, and that by paying a quarter of a dollar for the entertainment you can hear the best which musical science has to offer. You are very glad that when you go down town in the winter the roadway has been broken for you and the sidewalk shovelled. You are very glad that when you come home at night there is an electric light above you, and that you have not to drive your own horses, and are not dependent on the coachman. Very well; if you have these comforts, other people must have them. If other people know they exist, they will come for them. Other people will come for the kindred comforts which belong to that class of civilization, and among others there will come this drunken tramp whose wife you have been trying to take care of to-day.

And if, dear Gertrude, the selfish wish which rose to your lips just now, but which you did not express, could be granted, — if all these outsiders had been kept in some dark hole where they should not see the blessings of your life, it would be because your life here was an unattractive and narrow life, and without the very blessings for which you are thankful to-day.

FAMILY CARE FOR THE INSANE.

BY ALICE R. COOKE.

WITH many insane persons, in certain stages of their malady, and with some at all stages, asylum-life or the care and restraints of a hospital are quite necessary.

But there are others for whom the asylum long since did all that it could in the way of benefit, and upon whom the monotonous life, the absence of affectionate interest, and other circumstances existing in most asylums, exercise an unfavorable influence, and lead to negligence, indifference, or despair. The patients I am now to describe came to me in October, 1886, and have been with me ever since; they had all been in asylums for at least five years, and one of them much longer than that. All were Irish women; the youngest is not more than thirty-seven now, the oldest perhaps above sixty.

The first (J. W., aged thirty-seven,) was a case of dementia following melancholia, with delusions.

Her habits were un-neat and disorderly; she talked incessantly to herself; would sit in one position for hours, scowling and muttering, often tearing her hair, and sometimes becoming wildly excited and violent in appearance, venting her mania upon the thing nearest at hand. She talked nights, and had but slight idea of work and how it should be done. She was very forgetful, needing to be told to bathe, comb her hair, and change her dress every day.

After preparing the potatoes for dinner one day, not long after her arrival, we found she had put them into the tea-kettle to boil, and she made other mistakes quite as odd.

She would take a pan off the hot stove and set it in her lap, on her dress or apron, just as it happened. One of her peculiarities was to run and hide if a stranger entered the house, complaining that her head was open, and she was in

no condition to be seen. This idea has, however, entirely disappeared, and she will see and talk with people freely and rationally, and will even go to strangers' houses on errands, and take pleasure in doing so.

She has now, after two years, so far recovered as to be almost entirely well, and a melancholy day is unknown. She is extremely neat and orderly, keeping her clothes nicely mended, and making all articles of dress for herself, with very little assistance in cutting and fitting. She is an excellent laundress, and exceedingly neat help in the kitchen, a cheerful and willing worker at all times, and has a most affectionate and lovable disposition; sings Irish songs about her work, and makes witty remarks, keeping others in good humor.

Lately she has taken nearly all the care of planting and tending a large garden, and has done it well. She has grown strong and robust, thoughtful and practical. Kindness and merited praise have done much towards this improvement, and, but for an occasional desire to talk to herself, we should consider her recovery assured. The above-mentioned is the youngest of three Irish women under my care.

The second (C. M.), a woman about twenty years older, was a case of chronic mania. She seldom spoke intelligibly or intelligently, but talked incessantly and incoherently, often in high and excited tones, *never* smiling. She was up nights, more or less, talking much; took little interest in anything or anybody, and was so oblivious to her surroundings that she would not notice if any one knocked at the door, or a stranger entered the room, and would not reply when spoken to, unless one went close to her and attracted her attention by calling her by her full name.

Now she hastens to answer a rap at the door, and delivers any message quickly and accurately. If we go away she extends her hand and rationally bids us "good-bye," and hopes we will have a pleasant journey, and expresses her pleasure when we return, saying "welcome home;" asks

us many questions as to our visit, where we went, and what we saw.

She also worked very slowly; so much so, in fact, it would take her all the morning to sweep and dust an ordinary room, so often did she stop to wring her hands and talk to herself or imaginary persons.

She now works quickly and rationally, and interests herself in all the minor details of housework. She takes sole charge of a large stock of poultry, and keeps account of the number of eggs laid drily. She is a nice laundress and good housekeeper; makes all the bread for a large family, never making a mistake in the ingredients or quantities. She recollects what days in the week to wash, iron, sweep, and clean, and goes about her duties without being reminded of them, and without the slightest supervision. She has all the care of the dining-room, arranging the table and changing the linen, and waits upon table quietly and systematically. She has, therefore, gained remarkably, both mentally and physically; makes all her own clothes, and is a pattern of neatness and order. The mode of management with her has been that of love and kindness.

The third patient (M. D.) was a case of dementia with delusions. She exhibited high temper and obstinacy, talked more or less to herself, was extremely careless of her appearance, with unkempt hair, and an offensive catarrhal cough. She was then a constitutional grumbler and fault-finder; now she is nearly always cheerful and obedient, and often sings to the others when she sits down with her work in the afternoon. She is very active and does her work well; is a good laundress, chamber-maid, and seamstress; takes pride in her dress, and is neat and orderly. She coughs only occasionally, and is greatly improved in health, looks, and intellect. The mode of treatment in her case has been entirely the reverse of the former two, as the more kindly and affectionately she was treated the more impertinent she became. Nothing but firmness and severity was found to be effectual.

It is almost an unheard of thing for these three women to quarrel. They go about their work quietly and systematically, using their intellects in a marked degree, and assisting each other when occasion requires; they chat, sing, and read together, go to walk alone or together, and go of errands. They can be trusted in all things, and are great care-takers; could "run the house" for a time, if necessary, being very careful about fires and knowing how to make and tend them. They read to themselves and to each other out of the Bible, newspapers, and magazines. Being in good bodily health, they sleep well and rise smiling and happy in the morning.

Such a marked change in them all from their unhappy, depraved, and disorderly condition of less than three years ago, is, of course, extremely gratifying; but is only a fair example of what quiet, cheerful, and kindly home-life will do for the poor insane of the chronic class.

These results must appear remarkable to some; but a person unacquainted with asylum life can hardly realize the many and varied benefits secured by placing the chronic and quiet insane in private families. Those who have the care of them in hospitals agree that the noise and confusion, the quarrels and violent outbreaks of the patients, are a severe strain upon their own nerves and mental faculties. If this is the case—and I know by experience it is—what must be the effect upon those unfortunates whose brains are already diseased?

In nine cases out of ten their ambition and interest perish; their intellects become weaker, and they drift into hopeless derangement; and not only is this death to the intellect, but in the majority of cases a long, tedious wearing out of the bodies. Aside from the evil wrought upon the weakened brain, asylum-life has an injurious effect upon the bodily health, since it is almost impossible to secure perfect ventilation in the large hospitals, and the foul particles of air are transmitted to the systems of healthy patients, thus causing offensive nasal, lung, and stomach diseases that are difficult to eradicate, and often become chronic. Then the noise and dis-

turbances during the day, caused by interfering and annoying patients, are only partially arrested during the night, and the poor creature that so much needs quiet and rest is oftentimes kept awake by the screaming, singing, cursing, and jabbering of the more noisy ones. How is it possible under such circumstances for them to improve, and be cheerful and happy? In the private family all this is different, or ought to be, and amidst more natural and wholesome surroundings a new educational process begins; step by step, as their minds become clearer, they take up the thread of life, and learn again the little duties that have been so long forgotten, until, by patient and carefully-selected tasks congenial to their different tastes, they have become interested; when they will, of themselves, finish the work begun by another. Thus it is an industrial education which these poor women have received, and by it they have regained the power of self-support, which their insanity had deprived them of.

As an experiment in the line of industrial training it is worth considering, especially if girls are to be trained in domestic industries, and made good, practical housekeepers or servants. What has been done with these middle-aged women, of weakened mental powers, ought to be accomplished more easily with healthy and intelligent young women.

IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR, AND NATIONAL PENSIONS.

At the meeting of the British Association in September Mr. D. G. Hoey read a paper on the improvement of dwellings for the poor in such a city as Glasgow. In this paper he made the following statements : —

It is manifest that, although the greatest improvements in vital conditions were made by the cultured and intelligent, this would only serve to make still wider the already wide gulf existing between the conditions of life and the death-rate of those in comfort and those in poverty ; and in order to any marked effect being produced on the general tables of mortality, the improved practice and improved conditions must be brought down to and participated in by the masses ; hence the pressing importance of the question of questions in economic science — improved dwellings for the poor. The subject is a vast one, requiring great detail for its expansive treatment, but this I reserve for a future paper, and limit myself to indicating, in broad lines — (1) the extent, depth, and urgency of the evils, and (2) the method proposed for their cure.

I. Any large city will suit for illustration. Take, first, Glasgow, of which I know most. One-fourth of the inhabitants live in single apartments, nearly seventy per cent. in houses of one and two apartments, often with lodgers. The death-rate in such one and two-roomed houses is 27.74 per 1,000 ; in three and four-roomed houses, 19.45 ; in houses of five rooms and upwards, 11.23. The great majority of the two-roomed houses and a number of the single apartments are occupied by superior skilled workmen and others of a superior class, whose mortality is much lower, and the

high figure is made up by a comparatively small proportion in which the rate is enormously high. In one district comprising houses of all the classes it is 42 per 1,000. What must it be in the worst class there? My subject is dwellings for the poor, not for superior skilled artisans, and in most parts of Glasgow where the poorer classes dwell a healthy and well-trained family is not a possible thing. The rent paid for single-apartment houses is from £4 to £5, and some £5 12s., a year. Nothing but proper accommodation at similar rents so paid for hovels will meet the case or materially lessen the great mortality. I next take London. The best done there for the poor is as follows: A single apartment, bare walls, ten feet by seven feet, accommodating one person, quite unventilated, £3 18s. fifth floor; £5 12s. lower down; others, fifteen feet by twelve feet, same discomfort, in which a couple and some children may huddle, £7 3s. at the high, and £9 2s. at the low level. These are the best examples producible of "model dwellings" of a benevolent association! Anything more wretched for model dwellings cannot be imagined. In the matter of proper house accommodation, when we come to the abodes of unskilled laborers in all large cities, the relation between supply and demand fails. The enterprise of providing improved houses for the poor is a virgin field, in which never a furrow has yet been turned.

II. The method of cure proposed. The chief points of difficulty are: (1) the cost of ground, rendering it inevitable that many such houses should be erected in a limited space; (2) providing means, within such space, for due separation and privacy of the sexes, together with (3) thorough ventilation, producing continuous renewal of the atmosphere, whilst (4) causing no discomfort or danger by draughts; (5) comfortable warmth; protection from cold in winter; (6) adequate privy accommodation, accessible to women and children. A seventh — adequate cubic space — has received great prominence, and legal enactment has prescribed a *minimum* of three hundred cubic feet per adult. But this measure of

adequacy is a dangerous delusion. The true measure of adequacy is the degree of continuous renewal of the atmosphere, and that is wholly wanting in the existing houses. The system of ventilation already described can be efficiently adapted in its essentials to such houses, adding little or nothing to the cost of erection, and I am prepared to take what cubic space can be got, facing the inevitable. The first difficulty—cost of ground—is thus removed, so far as mechanical science is concerned, whilst the third and fourth—renewal of the atmosphere without draught—have been disposed of; the fifth—comfort and protection from cold—is secured by a variety of simple devices, such as air spaces in the walls and entrances from closed and ventilated passages; and the sixth—adequate privy accommodation—is fully met in the plans. The second—due separation and privacy for the sexes within limited space—is so important as to call here for a little detail. The plans proceed on the principle of the state cabin on board ship. Given a bare room, fifteen feet by eleven feet by thirteen feet high, the door two feet six inches in the middle of eleven-foot end, leaves four feet three inches on each side, enclosed by a partition six feet from the door, forming two bed-closets, or cabins, six feet by four feet three inches by seven feet high. The partition is carried up to the ceiling, enclosing another bedchamber, eleven feet by six feet by six feet high. The cabins are each fitted with two berths, six feet by twenty-one inches, leaving floor space six feet by two feet six inches, furnished with lockers and seat and cupboard. The bedchamber above has a bed six feet by four feet, and floor spaces six feet by five feet and four feet by two feet, with eleven feet range of lockers and a large cupboard. The space left for the family room is eleven feet by nine feet and thirteen feet high. There are numerous other provisions for convenience and comfort, including a cheap, economical stove, that burns any slack to white powder, does the cooking, the warming, and the ventilating all at once; and every other provision has been

made, down to the minutest particular, for economizing space and cost of erection and of working. The stove has been tested and proved capable of giving a renewal of the atmosphere every hour, twice the three hundred cubic feet supposed to be sufficient for a whole night; so that, whilst, without such arrangements, the adequate space of the statute is a delusion and a snare, with them any space, legally adequate or not, may be kept at all times, and without intermission, in atmospheric purity and comfort.

At the same meeting Rev. W. Moore Ede, director of Gates Head, read a paper on a scheme for national pensions. Our readers will recollect the plans which Canon Blackley has brought forward for this purpose, to which we have more than once alluded in *LEND A HAND*.

Mr. Ede said that interest in national insurance had been revived by the recent German legislation, which provides a complete system of national insurance for sickness, disablement, old age, and burial money. In England we generally prefer to leave satisfaction of social needs to individual effort; but, when individualism proves inadequate, we supplement its efforts by municipal or national organization — *e. g.*, the Education Act of 1870. The friendly societies have created a system of insurance whereby provision can be secured in sickness and funeral money at death. Though open to criticism on financial grounds, the friendly societies are steadily endeavoring to overcome past financial mistakes and place the societies on a sound basis. The efforts of these honorable societies would be facilitated, and the working classes protected from the disaster of joining unsound branches, if the Government would institute an adequate system of inspection of accounts, and insist on due publicity being given. Individualism has scarcely done anything towards making provision for old age, and yet such provision is one of our greatest social necessities. The life of the weekly-wage earning class

is shadowed by the prospect of an old age of poverty, privation, and dependence. The cost of an annuity of £12 a year, purchased at sixty-five years of age, precludes the possibility of expecting the wage-earning classes generally to save sufficient for this purpose, and utterly impracticable to render such saving compulsory. But an annuity of 5s. a week, payable at sixty-five, can be purchased at eighteen years of age by a weekly payment of 2 1-2d., at twenty-one by 3d. a week; or the same annuity may be purchased by the payment of 1s. 8d. a week for three years between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. The German insurance scheme exacts only one-third of the pension premium from the workman. One-third is paid by the employer, one-third by the state. In Denmark a scheme has been adopted according to which the parish doubles the amount contributed by the working-man subscriber, and commutes it for a pension. It is proposed that in future twenty-five per cent. shall be added from the funds of the parish and seventy-five per cent. from the funds of the state. The proposal was that all persons to be required to pay £6 10s. on reaching the age of twenty-one, either in one payment, or by deductions from wages till such sum be contributed by them to the pension fund, and all persons on arriving at the age of sixty-five to receive a pension of 5s. a week.

NEW YORK TO-DAY.

BY REV. HOWARD CROSBY.

NEW YORK CITY, in the matter of external morality and order, presents to-day a marked contrast for the better with its condition fifty years ago. Its streets then were filthy and ill-lighted. The offal from the houses was cast into the public highway. Sewerage was scant and imperfect. The water supply was poor and insufficient. The whole police force consisted of a few constables and night watchmen. Pigs roamed the streets in great numbers. Crime abounded, and many parts of the city were dangerous at night. Elections were held at only one polling-place for each ward, and continued for three days. Hence local riots were common at these centres, and decent citizens kept away from the polls. There was no restriction whatever on drinking-places. Rum ruled, and drunkards were everywhere.

Now we have a superb police force. The streets, though not as clean as they should be, are as parlor floors compared to the streets of 1839. Crime is far less in proportion to the population. The drinking-places are reduced more than one-half in proportion to population, and many admirable restrictions are successfully placed upon them. The sanitary provisions of the Board of Health are almost perfect. The churches are attended by a larger proportion of the population than ever. The whole tone of society in education and refinement is higher. Gambling-houses and houses of ill-fame have to hide, where before they flaunted their abominations.

Such is the contrast ! Then the city had something over 200,000 inhabitants. Now it has not very far below 2,000,000. The change is wonderful, especially when we consider

that Europe's lowest forms of vice have been flung upon our city by the vast immigration that has landed on our docks.

Of course, there is much vice and crime in our city. There are many elements of disorder. But the strong police, and the force of enlightened public opinion behind it, repress these elements to a minimum of expression. Our Board of Aldermen has brought reproach upon the city, but one of the tokens of the city's health was the removal of all power from that Board by reason of its base conduct. That Board is now of no account. The officers of the city in general are men alive to the city's interest and sharing in the general determination to have a clean city in every sense of the word. That there are exceptions is simply to say that we are human. Those who exclaim at the wickedness of New York are those who, coming from without, know nothing of its life as a whole, or who, never visiting it, read the details of crimes committed here, which form the staple of so much journalism.

I unhesitatingly say that no city in the world is safer, healthier, more moral, or better governed than is New York in this year of our Lord 1889.

THE BOSTON POLITICAL CLASS.

IN the September number of LEND A HAND are given some valuable suggestions concerning the promotion of good citizenship. One of these suggested methods is the formation of classes for the study of politics and government. It may not be inappropriate, therefore, to give, through the same medium, a short account of a class already in existence which is doing this very work.

THE Boston Political Class is just entering upon its fifth season of study. It is conducted under the auspices of the National Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts (incorporated in 1888), and most of its active members are women. Membership in the association entitles to membership in the class, but other persons, if they prefer, can attend the class without joining the society by paying the fee of ten cents for each meeting. The object is the study of politics or the science of government, and of its application or practice. Beginning with the constitution of the United States, which was thoroughly read and studied by means of questions and answers, the class proceeded with the constitution of Massachusetts, the civil service law, the municipal government of Boston, and the Massachusetts laws concerning women.

In addition to these topics, short lessons in parliamentary practice have occupied a part of each session, and the closing hour has been devoted to a debate on some vital question of the day, such as "protection and free trade," "prohibition," the "Blair Educational Bill," the "admission of Utah," "parochial and public schools," "uniform divorce legislation," etc., etc. The disputants are appointed in advance, and the debate is conducted by the rules of parliamentary law.

Since this class was started similar classes have been formed in different places, notably in Chicago and New York, and in Chelsea, Cambridge, Lynn, Roxbury, and Natick in this state. The Boston class has been very successful, and its members have felt that much has been learned from their studies.

The present season will begin with a free public meeting, to which all who are interested are cordially invited. It will be held on Wednesday, November 6th, at 2.15 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield Street, and the speaker will be Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, on "Political Problems for the Rising Generation."

Following this public meeting will be the regular sessions once a fortnight, beginning November 20th and continuing every alternate Wednesday till May. These will be held in the vestry of the Church of the Disciples, corner Warren Avenue and Brookline Street. Each session will begin promptly at 2.15 p. m., with a half-hour's practice in the rudiments of parliamentary law. The next half-hour will be occupied by the reading and discussion of "The Nation," Rev. Elisha Mulford's philosophical work, of which Charles Sumner wrote: "It is a most important contribution to our political literature, and cannot fail to strengthen and elevate our national life." The last hour or so of each meeting will be filled by a debate or a short paper and a discussion, by the members, on practical topics of the day. November 20th the debate will be on the resolution "That the Nationalists have taken a step in the right direction toward the general improvement of mankind;" December 4th there will be a paper on "Money;" December 18th a debate on the question whether "The State shall have the control of the education of all children," and early in January a paper on "The Treaty with China." These will be followed by other subjects which at the time seem most important. There will also be given, at each session, a short *resume* of what has been done in the foregoing two weeks by the Legislature.

Announcements of each meeting will be made in the Boston daily papers. It will be seen that this class is doing a useful and needed work. Its members find it very profitable, and are always glad to welcome new additions to its ranks. Further information may be obtained of the president, Mrs. H. R. Shattuck, Malden, Mass.

A BABY'S DOINGS.

BY MISS DINAH STURGIS.

"How DO, pitty sing?"

"Well, well, there's good taste for you," said young Haberton, turning round. The mite of humanity who had spoken was now peeping shyly between the rails of the gate at Rose, who had gone back and stooped down to speak to the little fellow.

"Yes, Baby, she is pretty; you are right."

"Nonsense, Jack, don't be foolish," said his sister. "The child has heard his brothers and sisters singing The Mikado. But do come here and see what a pretty child he is. Did you ever see a lovelier face?"

Jack walked back a step or two, and, taking off his hat, made a deferential bow, and began, "As a devotee of beauty, Baby, I salute—" but stopped with a laugh when he found the baby paid no attention to him, but went on cooing to Rose.

"Come, Rose," said Jack after a moment, "you are spoiling your frock down there in the dust, and if we stay here much longer we shall not get to Longwood this afternoon."

"Well, we can ride if there is not time to walk," Rose said, as she stood up and shook the skirts of her dress. "But do stop, like a good fellow, for a moment or two more. Surely this child does not belong to people who live around here. If he does I should like to see the rest of the family."

Jack not only had the reputation of being one of the best fellows in the world, but he was used to his sister's whims, as he laughingly called them, so he said only, "Well, Roschen, don't be too long, that's a good girl."

They were standing in front of a poor little house in a small Irish settlement, just beyond the new Park lands. The

house of itself was very like the half-dozen dilapidated cottages about it, but it had not given up trying to be respectable, as they had. To be sure, it was equally guiltless of paint and shutters, but it had vines clambering over its windows, and such of the curtains as showed through the leaves were white and neatly draped. Then the old stone doorstep was very clean, the garden gate had two respectable hinges and a latch, and the tiny front yard was all abloom with gay hollyhocks. Moreover, while the babies from the neighboring houses were playing in the mud-puddles with the ducks, or crying themselves hoarse because they could not, this house had a remarkably pretty baby in a clean pinafore who lisped flattering greetings to passers-by.

While Jack was mentally noting the differences between this house and its baby and the other houses and their babies, the while flecking the dust off his shoes, and straightening his necktie, Rose had knocked at the front door, that stood ajar, and, getting no answer, had gone around to the back of the house, with the baby clinging to her hand. Jack whistled quite to the end of a long tune to keep himself company, and came to the conclusion that the next time Rose and he started to walk out to the tennis-grounds he would get her to promise in advance to let charity visiting alone for that afternoon. He had time for sundry other observations that moved lazily through his brain in a way befitting a sleepy, summer afternoon's observations, before Rose reappeared. As she stooped in the doorway to kiss the baby, who lifted his sweet little face to hers in a way there was no denying, Jack caught a glimpse of a cleanly, coarse-featured woman, who said, "Good afternoon, Miss, 'n God bless ye," with a strong Hibernian accent, little akin to the baby's musical "By-by, pitty sing."

As soon as they were out of earshot of the house Rose said, "Oh, Jack, such a sad story! That dear baby has no mother, and its father is in the State Prison, and there's another child that goes on the team, and Mrs. Tooley says—"

"Now, Rose," Jack broke in, "stop just long enough to

take breath, and let me say a word. If you keep on hunting up and taking to heart everybody's woes, you will end your days in an insane asylum. Now, let us take a car here so we shall not need to hurry, and then I shall be happy — I mean, miserable — to listen to the history of the O'Toole family. But to my mind it is high time to call a halt when you can't go to play a simple game of tennis without stopping on the way to ferret out a 'case'! As if the Associated Charities did not keep your heart and hands full already! There is too much misery in the world for any one to carry it all, you know."

"That's just it, Jack. We are to bear one another's burdens, aren't we? What has one heart and hands for, if not to make the world cheerier?"

"Quite right, little woman, as you always are. All is, I don't want you to grow gray here at twenty-three, and waste away through trying to do too much at once. But now what about the O'Tooles? I have growled my growl, and am all ready to listen, but could you make your story a very little clearer than when you began? For example, who is it that rides on the team, and so on?"

"To begin with, you are a tease, Jack," said Rose. "And, next, the people who have the baby are not O'Tooles, at all. Their name is Tooley. The baby's name is Farnum, Paul Farnum, and his father and mother and brother — yes, the baby's brother, named Minot — used to live on Akron Street. You know where that is. You took me there one night to see old Mrs. Blake when she was so ill; don't you remember? Well, the Farnums are Americans, and, Mrs. Tooley says, have 'fine relations some'ers in the South.' Mr. Farnum got to drinking, and lost one position after another until they were almost destitute. At last Mrs. Farnum was ill, and it was then that Mrs. Tooley came to know about them. But Mrs. Farnum was getting better, her husband was not drinking, and things looked, as Mrs. Tooley says, 'a wee bit comfortabler,' when Mr. Farnum was sent to the State

Prison for nearly killing a man, and his wife died of a broken heart the day he was sentenced. It appears he had just been paid off, and on his way home one of his fellow-workmen coaxed him to drink. The result was, poor Farnum completely lost control of himself. Mrs. Tooley says he was never a quarrelsome man, was kind-hearted, and very fond of his wife and children. But this day he was crazed with liquor, and, provoked by something the man said, he tried to shake him. The man fell, it seems, and was badly hurt, and the whole blame was thrown upon Farnum. He was tried for felonious assault, and sent to prison for five years. It was the first time he had ever been arrested, Jack; no wonder the shock killed his poor wife.

"Mr. Tooley wanted a boy to go on his wagon with him — he peddles vegetables and so on — so he took Minot, who is only about nine years old. The baby was to go to the Children's Mission, but the poor little thing cried so piteously when they tried to take him away from Minot, that Mrs. Tooley carried him home with her. She had buried her own baby a little while before, so her heart was very tender, of course. And, Jack, think of it! Minot asked Mr. Tooley if he would not buy a grave for his mother so she need not be a pauper angel. He said he would work for him until he paid the money all back. Of course, he did not know that he couldn't earn his board and clothing, and he has to be sent to school part of the time, too. But Mr. Tooley paid for the funeral. They are very poor themselves, and Mrs. Tooley says as soon as the baby can be taken away without screaming himself to death she will have to put him in some institution, so she can go out to work by the day.

"Jack, think of it! That dear little thing! It would be cruel to separate those children. Mrs. Tooley says that Minot has the gentlest manner that she 'iver saw an a chile,' and that his mother was a lady 'ivery inch uv her.' If the children could only be kept together until the father gets out of prison, perhaps, having been sober so long, he will be, or

can be, reformed permanently, and the children would be his greatest incentive to a decent, respectable life. But if they are lost to him who knows what he may sink to? Jack, what do you think about it? Oh, dear! Here we are."

"Longwood tennis-grounds!" shouted the conductor; "tennis-grounds!"

"Well," said Jack, as he helped Rose off the car, "we will leave it this way: If you will put everybody's woes out of your head for the rest of the afternoon, and give yourself up to recreation and the sunshine for a little while, then when we get home we will set ourselves to see what can be done for the Farnums."

Rose outdid herself at tennis that afternoon, so that Ralph Seavey moved that the club should put a stop to the "Jacqueminot," as he called Jack and Rose, playing on the same side.

After the game Ralph and his sister Belle, cousins of the Habertons, went home to dinner with them, and it was not until their guests were gone that evening that there was a chance to return to Baby Farnum. Then Jack said, "Well, Roschen, it's rather late, but I suppose you will not get to sleep to-night unless we come to some decision about the O'Tooles and the Farnums."

"Tooley, Jack, not O'Toole," corrected Rose.

"Well, Tooley, then; but what's in a name? Now, what is your plan about them?"

"Why, I haven't come so far as a plan yet. Of course, we shall want to make inquiries, and so on, but, if my judgment is worth anything, I think we shall find Mrs. Tooley's story to be true. It may be we can trace the children's relatives, but in any event I do feel very strongly that here is a chance to save one child, at least, from pauperism, and, perhaps, to save the father to his children."

Rose looked at Jack, and Jack looked at Rose. Finally he said:—

"Well, little woman, you know I think everything you

do is as near perfection as act of mortal can be. I think, just as you do, that helping unfortunates to help themselves is sowing seed in good ground. This appears to be a pathetic case, certainly, and whatever you want me to do I am yours to command, up to minding the baby. I really believe I must draw the line there, because he scorned my advances to-day, you remember, Roschen."

Rose laughed, and leaned over and softly kissed her brother, who sat on a low stool by her side, and they talked on for some time.

Jack Haberton and his sister were orphans, their father having died two years before. Their mother they barely remembered as a frail little woman, whose life had gone out like a spark one day, while they were yet children. Rose had inherited her beauty, and the gracious lives of husband and wife were being lived over again by their son and daughter. Their social position demanded a good deal of them, but they believed, since much had been given them, their obligations were great, and these, they felt, included holding out a helping hand to any one less fortunate than themselves. "The model philanthropists," they were often called — for, in spite of their modesty, the right hand sometimes disclosed what the left one did — because they were so unaffectedly generous and sympathetic.

Before Jack and Rose separated that night it was settled that they should visit the Tooleys, and see husband and wife and the two children together; that if they would consent, and doubtless they would gladly, the children should be given a good home in a private family, where Minot could be sent regularly to school. Having undertaken the care of the children in this way, the next step would be to visit the father, and make his acquaintance, to establish, if possible, a bond between them that would give them a hold upon him when he should come out of prison.

It was a day or two before they could find Mr. Tooley and Minot at home. Minot was a grave-faced child, with

beautiful dark eyes, like the baby's, that wandered from Rose's face to Jack's, and back again, while they were talking with Mr. and Mrs. Tooley. When they had made their errand known the warm-hearted Irish people were overjoyed with the children's unexpected good fortune. It did not need their assurance to show that the children were dear to them, but they were well aware that they could not care for them as they deserved to be cared for.

When Jack said, "Well, my little man, how would you like to live near my sister and me, with some kind people who will have more time to take care of you and your little brother than Mr. and Mrs. Tooley have?" Minot came close up to him and said:—

"When my mamma was dying she said Paul and I must help papa. Do you know about him, too?"

"Yes," said Jack. "We want to help you take care of your papa."

"Then," said the child, "I'll do just what you say is best. Paul is pretty small now, you know, but he'll be bigger by and by." And then he added, with a little tremble in his voice, "Do you s'pose papa'll forget about us?"

"No," said Jack, with something very like a tremble in his own voice, "Papas don't forget their little boys very easily, and then I am going to see him before long, and you can send a message to him."

At a second visit Minot told Jack that after all he could not leave Mr. Tooley because he owed him a great deal of money still, but he was comforted when Mr. Haberton gave him for a birthday present money enough to pay both principal and interest of the sum Mr. Tooley had paid for Mrs. Farnum's funeral.

The children were fitted out with comfortable clothing, and duly established in their new home, where the motherly, intelligent woman in charge of them succeeded in making them contented from the very first. The children were extremely fond of Rose and Jack in an honest, childish fash-

ion that would have won a heart of flint. The baby always called her "pitty sing," until one day when he heard her brother say Roschen (her pet name, that dated back to a summer in Germany just before their mother died). After that the baby said Roschen, too, as nearly as his baby tongue could master it.

Jack's first meeting with Mr. Farnum at the State Prison so impressed him that he went to work to get him transferred to the Reformatory, at some distance from the city. The increased opportunities given the men there to develop their higher natures would, Jack felt sure, have an influence upon this man, to whom it was a revelation to find there was some one upon whom he had no claim who cared what became of him.

It was not long before the transfer was effected, and the change seemed to give Mr. Farnum a new hold upon life. He was a man of few words, but the way in which he grasped Jack's hand, and looked into his face, said more than words. Curiously enough, it was the little paper published regularly at the Reformatory that proved to be the link that connected the present with Mr. Farnum's early life.

When he came out through the Reformatory gates it was to resume his work in journalism, which he had given up along with everything else as he had fallen more and more a slave to drink. A position was waiting for him, and there were good friends to help him bridge over the chasm between prison life and the world.

The first meeting between father and children was at the mother's grave. Mr. Farnum had asked that it might be there. Rose and Jack took the children out to the cemetery and left them there with their father. There were no witnesses to what transpired there, but we have the assurance that the blessed dead know all things.

When Jack and Rose walk out to Longwood, as they still do pleasant summer afternoons, they pass the home of the Tooleys on their way. The vines clamber over the win-

dows, and the hollyhocks bloom in the yard, just as they did the day Baby Farnum peered through the gate and said, "How do, pitty sing." But the gate is often ajar now, and likely as not the rosy-cheeked Tooley twins are making mud pies in the road with the ducks, and pay no attention to passers-by. Baby Farnum is a big boy, and no longer says "pitty sing," or even "Roschen," but he is as fond of pretty things as ever, and often comes to Miss Haberton to show her his painting. His father is very proud of Paul's talent for drawing, which he inherited from his mother, and it looks now very much as if Baby Farnum were going to grow into an artist of note.

THE COUNTRY TOWNS.

IN an article, to which we gave the name of "The Return Wave," which we published in August last, we tried to show the opportunity afforded in the country towns of the older States for persons who have tried life in cities, and do not find in it all which they need for themselves and their families. That article has attracted general attention, and the views we there expressed have been confirmed in many quarters.

We did not pretend that the great laws of agriculture or business had made any mistakes. We did not pretend that corn can be raised as cheaply in Massachusetts or in New Hampshire as in the Mississippi Valley. We have said much in these pages on the possibilities of creating an exodus from the cities. But we have never tried to urge our readers to the hopeless task of improving the agriculture of farmers trained to the business, nor have we hinted that, because people have the good sense to read *LEND A HAND*, they will succeed in making a profit from farms whose older owners have failed.

But we do suppose, and so do many correspondents who have communicated with us, that in every large city there are those who have obtained from the high organization of city life all they wanted, and are now ready to take the broader and freer advantages of country life, if they knew how.

The circumstances will differ, but there will be many cases where people can easily and happily remove from a crowded city into an open and pleasant country home, with a small permanent income, and with new opportunities for the health and the education of children, and for utilizing their ability. In Boston, or in New York, when one proposes "half-time" schools the question is asked pathetically, "What

in the world shall we do with the children?" But in Dana, or Mapleton, or Durham, when a boy comes home from school and announces that the summer term is over, there is no difficulty in utilizing him. He will be utilized, also, in ways which will improve his physical constitution, and, in general, his manliness.

Imagine, then, a family with a fixed income of five hundred dollars, and two, four, six, eight children, between the ages of ten and eighteen years. So far as the comforts of life go, and the desirables of education, that family will be better off in country life than in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, in three cases out of four. For house-rent, for instance, the contrast is between hiring a crowded "flat" at some rate between three hundred dollars and six hundred dollars a year, and such opportunities as Mr. Valentine speaks of in the circular just now issued by him at Bennington, Vermont. Mr. Valentine is the State's Commissioner of Agriculture and Manufacturing Interests.

"I have just sold," a gentleman writes to Mr. Valentine, "a farm in Chelsea, with good land and passable buildings—eighty acres of good land—for two hundred and fifty dollars." Imagine the family, which we suppose to have five hundred dollars of fixed income, buying such a farm. Suppose there are two or three boys and as many girls. Is it not clear that, with the pecuniary saving which that family will make, especially in food—in eggs, poultry, pork, vegetables, milk, to speak of no other expenses,—is it not clear that they would live much more comfortably, and that these young people would grow up with greater advantages, than they could have in New York or Boston?

The following circular was issued on the first of the month by Mr. Valentine:—

BENNINGTON, Oct. 1, 1889.

It is deemed best to issue from this office this statement, in answer to the many letters of inquiry relative to the unoccupied lands in Vermont.

The letter to the town listers, under date of August 5th, relating to this subject, seemed to excite much interest through this and neighboring States, and the commissioner sees no better way to answer the numerous inquiries for information than to quote some of the communications received from town listers, and other prominent men who have made the subject a study, and whose opinions ought to have much weight.

A letter from the town of Reading, Windsor County, says: "I can safely say that four thousand acres can be purchased in this town alone, adjoining, and of this amount about one-half are in farms of from seventy to two hundred acres, and several with buildings, many of them occupied, which could be bought for from three dollars to four dollars per acre. The remaining one-half are lands which formerly comprised good farms, but with buildings now gone, and fast growing up to timber. Some of this land is used for pasturage, and on other portions the fences are not kept up, leaving old cellar holes and miles of stone walls to testify to former civilization. Such lands can be purchased for from one dollar to two dollars per acre." For further information write to E. W. Goddard, lister, South Reading, Vermont.

From Chelsea, the county-seat of Orange County, a gentleman writes: "I know of some farms that can be bought at from two dollars to five dollars per acre, and rumor tells me of one farm of two hundred acres which can be bought for one hundred dollars, with fair buildings and 'good soil' — 'grass lodged.' I, as administrator, have just sold one farm of eighty acres, good land and passable buildings, for two hundred and fifty dollars; another farm of three hundred acres — good soil and good buildings — for one thousand one hundred dollars, because there were no buyers to pay more." Other information will be given (no doubt) by addressing E. N. Bacon, Chelsea.

From Vershire, in the same county, comes the following information: "I will say that in the south part of our town, and in the towns of Strafford and Chelsea, there are from thirty-five to forty farms contiguous, or nearly so, abandoned and unoccupied. Many of these farms have a fair set of buildings on them, and others could be made comfortable with a small outlay. As to the price of these lands or farms, I think, without doubt, they could be bought of the different owners for a sum not to exceed five dol-

lars per acre in any case, and at considerably less for most of the land. We have many other abandoned farms, in different parts of our town, with good buildings on them, that could be bought for five dollars or less per acre. All of this land was once occupied by thrifty and prosperous farmers. The cause of this state of things is simply this: of the people who once occupied these farms, some have died, others have gone West and to the cities, and none came to fill their places." The reader is referred to E. B. Fuller, town clerk, Vershire, for further particulars.

A gentleman in Jamaica, Windham County, has compiled a list and description of farms in that town, from which are taken the following examples: "(1.) A farm of two hundred acres, fair buildings, good sugar orchard, plenty of wood and timber, has been one of the best in town, listed at eight hundred and ten dollars. (2.) A farm of one hundred and thirty-five acres, good buildings, sugar orchard, fruit orchards, in a good state of cultivation, listed at seven hundred dollars. (3.) Another of ninety acres, with good buildings, vacant only one year. Timber enough on this farm to pay for it. (4.) Twenty-two acres listed at two hundred and twenty-five dollars, with good buildings, vacant one year. (5.) Ninety-seven acres, good buildings, sugar and fruit orchards, listed at seven hundred dollars—a good farm. (6.) Ninety acres, listed at seven hundred and sixty-five dollars. This is a good farm in a high state of cultivation—must be sold. (7.) One hundred and fifty-five acres, the finest location in town—has got to be sold." For further particulars write to F. L. Sprague, Jamaica.

A gentleman in Essex County writes: "In the town of Norton are twenty thousand acres of good farming land, and once standing on a considerable portion was spruce and hard wood timber, now taken off. This land is selling for five dollars per acre. The soil is blue clay—not sandy—some parts are stony, but the stones are small and easily removed. I have heard different men say that there is no better land for farming in the State." Magnus E. Nelson, of Norton Mills, will give further information.

The *Essex County Herald*, of Island Pond, says: "There are in this county three unorganized townships and three large gores of land in which there are, probably, all told, not more than fifteen or twenty families. They are: Averill, containing 22,716 acres; Ferdinand, containing 27,254 acres; Lewis, containing 21,200 acres;

Avery's Gore, containing 10,625 acres; Warner's Gore, containing 5,696 acres; Warner's Grant, containing 2,000 acres. We feel safe in making the assertion that there are in Essex County more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of unoccupied, contiguous lands, which are, or soon will be, open for settlement. Good lands; lands that will make good, productive farms; well watered; and with timber sufficient for home consumption; wanting nothing but the energy, the bone and muscle to clear them up."

A town lister from Newark, Caledonia County, says: "There is in this town as good land as there is in the county. It is situated in the center of the town, six miles from railroad. There is another tract of land only three miles from railroad. * * * Twenty-five farms which can be bought for from three to four dollars per acre." If further information is desired, address C. M. Bruce, Newark.

There is no official information relating to lands in some sections where unoccupied and so-called abandoned lands are known to be located. For instance, the commissioner, on a visit to towns in Windham County, found that, in the town of Wilmington, over five thousand acres were available for occupancy by those desiring them. Some of the farms are centrally located, with habitable buildings. Further information may be obtained by addressing Hosea Mann, Jr., Wilmington, Vermont.

From the foregoing there appears to be no doubt about there being, in this State, large tracts of tillable, unoccupied lands, which can be bought at a price approximating the price of Western lands, situated near school and church, and not far away from railroad facilities. The commissioner has not visited all of the counties in the State where these lands are reported, but he has visited enough to satisfy him that, while much of the unoccupied and formerly cultivated land is now practically worthless for cultivation, yet very much of it can be made to yield a liberal reward to intelligent labor. A good portion of these lands is especially adapted to dairy purposes.

It is hoped that the information as to the quality and price of the lands of Vermont will attract to our State tillers of the soil, both native and foreign-born, who will become good citizens.

A. B. VALENTINE, *Commissioner*.

The chairman of the Committee on Emigration of the State of New Hampshire is preparing a similar circular.

THE MOHONK INDIAN CONFERENCE.

BY SAMUEL J. BARROWS.

It was a special gleam of inner light that led Mr. Albert K. Smiley some seven years ago to the idea of the Mohonk Indian Conference. For many years previous Mr. Smiley had been a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, which was established some twenty years ago. He was impressed with the need of having some gathering of those especially interested in Indian affairs. It is not every Indian Commissioner that has a hotel, or that knows how to keep one, but Mr. and Mrs. Smiley were divinely ordained to this ministry, and they have consecrated it every year in a generous and hospitable way, by inviting to Mohonk, for a three days' conference, a large number of editors, clergymen, educators, Indian officials, missionaries, teachers in Indian schools, lawyers, representatives of associations organized to promote the welfare of the Indian, and, this year, the Indian Commissioner. It is seldom that a conference is convened in which there is a larger number of people who are thoroughly acquainted with the subject about which they are talking. Their acquaintance with the Indian, has been personal and official. They have taught in their schools, visited their agencies, studied their language and life, or worked as zealously in securing needed legislation at the National Capital. Many of those present had worn swords and epaulettes, had fought the Indian on his own ground, but now have turned their swords into pruning-hooks. Grant's benediction, "Let us have peace," fell upon the army as well as upon the Indian. Some of the strongest and most intelligent friends of the Indian have always been in the army, and the man, happily present, who has done more than anybody else to show the

possibilities of Governmental education for the Indian, is a United States army officer, Captain Pratt of Carlisle.

The one question which loomed up this year was the question of Indian education. It was formally brought before the conference by a paper, admirably clear, concise, and comprehensive, read by Gen. Thomas J. Morgan, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs. General Morgan has but recently entered upon the duties of his office. Few men have had a better preparation for its tasks. Though his paper provoked an animated and earnest discussion, the Commissioner succeeded in winning the confidence, respect, and support of the conference.

It is supposed that there are about fifty thousand Indian children ranging from six to sixteen years. Perhaps a fourth of these have been gathered into the schools, but there are assumed to be thirty-five thousand children outside of school privileges. General Morgan claims that the responsibility for their education rests primarily and almost wholly upon the nation; that it cannot be delegated to anyone else. He urges that ample and early provision should be made by the Government for the accommodation of the entire mass of Indian school children. To carry this out, education must be compulsory. It is necessary for the Indian's salvation. The work of education should be completely systematized, with uniform courses of study and a carefully organized system of industrial training. Commissioner Morgan would conform the system as far as possible to the common school system of the States. He would have it non-partisan and non-sectarian. The teachers should have a stable tenure of office, being removed only for cause. The English language alone should be allowed to be spoken, and there should be provision for the higher education. Commissioner Morgan also argues that "the reservation system is an anachronism which has no place in our modern civilization. The Indians should be free to make themselves homes wherever they will. They should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to choose their own

vocations, contending for the prizes of life wherever the opportunities are most favorable. In other words, education should seek the disintegration of the tribes, and not their segregation. They should be educated, not as Indians, but as Americans. In short, public schools should do for them what it is so successfully doing for all the other races in this country — assimilate them." "This work of education," urges General Morgan, "should begin with them when they are young and susceptible, and should continue until habits of industry and love of learning have taken the place of indolence and indifference."

Such is a mere outline of the essential conclusions of the present Indian Commissioner — conclusions which were very ably defended in the debate which followed. Concerning the advisability, in its general outlines, of such a scheme as the Commissioner proposes, there was no division in the conference. The only question which threatened to divide it was the relation which the Government should sustain to contract schools. It had been somehow noised abroad, and stated in the public prints, that General Morgan did not favor the continuance of Government appropriations for contract schools, and a revival of the very active discussion of last year on this point was anticipated. At present the Government pays a certain proportion of the expense of the education of Indians in various denominational schools. The question whether it is theoretically wise for the Government to do this has been raised. It is urged that if it is not a wise policy for the States to divide their school money among the different denominations, it is not wise for the general Government to do so with relation to the Indian. Protestants already complain that the Catholics receive a very large share of this fund. On the other hand, it is urged that the money which, for the most part, the Government expends in Indian education is really money held in trust for the Indian by the Government, and that it is perfectly legitimate for the Government to divide it among its benefactors, so long as it does not do it for the sake

of supporting the denomination, but for the sake of the Indian.

However the theoretical question may be decided, there is no doubt that to withdraw the Government support from schools which it has contracted to help on the fulfillment of certain conditions, would seriously cripple the present efforts for the Indians. Any possible harm which the system does is small compared with the injury which might result from suddenly abandoning it. Commissioner Morgan took pains to assure the conference that he had no such purpose. He proposed to leave the present contract school system as it is. The main question does not concern the Indian children already provided for; it is to furnish education for those not provided for.

Upon the question whether the Government would favor the establishment of any more contract schools the Commissioner did not express himself, but it was evident from his paper that he regarded the most important thing at present to be the establishment of the national and compulsory system of Indian education, and to this position the conference warmly committed itself.

The conference missed Professor Thayer of Harvard, but it was steadied on the legal side by Justice Strong of Washington and Professor Wayland of Yale College. Justice Strong set forth very clearly the need of new legislation to meet the conditions which will inevitably arise with the breaking up of the reservation system. The practical difficulties arising from the allotment of lands to the Indians were set forth, and a letter was read from Miss Alice Fletcher, whom a venerable delegate rightly called "that apostle of common-sense on the Indian question." Mrs. Quinton's lightning-like speech on the work of the Women's National Indian Association electrified the conference. Mrs. Alice Robertson came all the way from the Indian Territory to call attention to the anomalous and unfortunate condition of affairs in that Territory.

For the first time in the history of the conference several Indian boys were present—two from Carlisle, one from Yale, and one, Rev. Mr. Coolidge, a full-fledged Episcopal minister, with a B. D. after his name. They all addressed the conference, and furnished an interesting object lesson on the subject of Indian education.

Many a night the author of this article has lain down to rest on the Western plains when the cavalry trumpet sounded taps, the soldiers' "Good-night." Those were days of Indian battles and bloodshed. And sometimes the reveille in the morning was a shower of Indian bullets. But when on Thursday night at Mohonk, at the suggestion of the writer, Dennison, the leader of the Indian Band at Carlisle, played on his trumpet the "Good-night" as a benediction to the conference, it seemed like the gospel-note of a new era of righteousness and peace.

The Mohonk Conference met on Tuesday, the 1st of October, and continued in session until the evening of the 4th. The meeting, called by the courtesy and hospitality of the Messrs. Smiley, brought together gentlemen and ladies from all parts of the country who are interested in the maintenance of the rights of the Indians, and the improvement of their condition. The conference agreed at its adjournment upon the following statement of its opinions on the most important points now before the Government.

It is impossible to look at a conference like this without seeing that here is a step forward in administration. For it will be impossible for any Indian Bureau or any Committee of Congress to be indifferent to the recommendations made by a careful body of experts on questions like this, where they have every information before them.

First—We, the members of the Lake Mohonk Conference, in this our seventh annual meeting, reiterate the principles laid down in our former platforms concerning justice, equal rights, and education, both by Government and by religious societies, for the Indian races on this continent. We maintain that the nation ought to hear the Indian as a man, amenable to all the obligations and entitled to all the

rights of manhood under a free republican government. We congratulate the country on the progress made in the opening of reservations to colonization, the allotment of land in severalty, and on the assent of Indians in increasing numbers, freely given, to this policy. We emphasize the importance of the Christian and missionary work of the churches as fundamental to the education and civilization of the Indians, and the necessity for the vigorous and unimpaired prosecution of such work. We heartily welcome the presence of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at this session, and indorse heartily the general principles embodied in the paper presented by him, outlining a proposed policy for the organization of a comprehensive system of Indian education by the Federal Government. We urge upon the administration the organization of such a plan, and upon Congress the necessary appropriations for its execution, and the chairman for this conference is hereby authorized and instructed to appoint a committee of seven, of whom he shall be one, to render to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs such co-operation as he may desire in preparing such a system as shall best promote the universal and compulsory education of all Indian children in harmony with the principles of our Government, and with the concurrent work of the churches, missionary boards and societies, and philanthropic organizations, and to urge upon Congress such increased appropriations as may be necessary to carry this into effect.

Second — As the efficiency of every plan for the care and education of the Indians depends upon the intellectual and moral character of the agents, superintendents, teachers, matrons, and, in a greater or less degree, of all the employes of the Indian Bureau, and upon the cumulative influence dependent on continuance of service and resultant experience, the conference emphasizes its conviction of the fitness and necessity of separating absolutely the appointments to office from the mutations of parties. To remove agents and teachers who are faithful and efficient, merely because of a change in the party in power, is not only a direct assault upon the work and the morals of the workers, but intrinsically capricious and absurd. And to make such positions a reward for party services, the incumbents to be named by those whom they have served, is to make it improbable, if not impossible, that either the interests of the Indians or the National Government will be adequately cared for. When it is considered

that there are between eight and nine hundred Indian agents and teachers and others employed in the field, and that their functions are chiefly either military, judicial, or educational, it is apparent that removals on other grounds than that of demerit, and the filling of vacancies independent of merit, cannot but constitute an almost insuperable obstacle to effective work.

Third — While we hail with satisfaction the progress that has already been made in the execution of the act for the allotment of Indian lands in severalty, we recognize that the operations of this act are met by difficulties which make further legislation necessary, and we call upon Congress to take such steps, before the Indians to whom allotments are made shall become citizens of any State, as will secure to their children the sure inheritance of those lands upon the death of their parents without the risk of disinheritance because of their not being legal heirs under the laws of such States; to provide for the expenditure of the income of the funds for education derived from the sale of surplus lands under such restrictions as will compel its use for the purposes intended, and in such a manner in reference to State taxation as will be alike just to the Indians and to their fellow-citizens in their respective States and Territories; and to enact such other measures while the Indians are still the wards of the nation as will secure to them the fullest benefits of their allotted lands, and will encourage to the utmost habits of thrift, enterprise, and progressive industry; and in order to correct these and other difficulties which may be discovered, the chairman of this conference is hereby authorized and instructed to appoint a committee, not exceeding five, to examine the scope of existing legislation on this subject, and to suggest to Congress such amendments as shall be found necessary to accomplish the beneficent purposes of the act.

Fourth — The condition of affairs in the Indian Territory demonstrates the futility of all efforts to secure adequately the civilization and development of the Indians under their tribal relations, against which we have so earnestly protested. The complex questions arising from the relations of Indian, negro, and white man, the fact that the non-citizen whites already outnumber the Indian population in the proportion of two to one, and that this large white population is without schools, and to a large extent uncontrolled by law, render the question of the Indian Territory one of the gravest import-

ance. The wonderful progress of the five civilized tribes in the face of many difficulties and under the most unfavorable conditions demonstrates the capacity of the Indians for a larger, life and a better civilization, and the time has come when they are ready for the duties, responsibilities, and privileges of American citizenship. The conference rejoices that there is a growing sentiment among these people in this direction. As the beginning of better things, the establishment of a United States Court, with partial jurisdiction, has had a beneficial influence, and it is urgently recommended that the same jurisdiction be given to this court as is possessed by any United States District Court.

Fifth — The conference is deeply impressed with a sense of the injuries done to the Mission Indians of California by the repeated delays in settling their lawful claims, and urges upon Congress the passage of a bill at the next session which shall settle their claims justly and give the Indians a legal right to their lands.

Sixth — The condition of the Indian reservations in the State of New York, with some notable exceptions, continues to be not only unsatisfactory but positively bad, degrading to the Indians themselves, demoralizing to their neighbors, and humiliating to those who have brought so imperfectly to them the appliances of Christianity and civilization. While there are many among them who have accepted, so far as their circumstances allow, our Christian and English civilization, yet the controlling influence on many of the reservations is still that of a pagan superstition, which fosters ignorance and vice and degrades or denies the family life. We owe gratitude to those who have called attention to their condition and have tried to correct it, and especially do we rejoice that the Legislature of the State has been considering the subject, and we trust that such legislation will be perfected as shall supply these Indians with facilities for higher education, similar to those provided for other tribes by the General Government, and shall, in a way just and right, substitute the full operation of the laws of the State for the present laws of their tribal organizations, and thus secure all the rights and all the duties of citizenship.

Seventh — The conference renews its earnest request that Congress will consider the bill proposed by the Law Committee still pending in the United States Senate, intended to provide needed facilities for the administration of law on the reservations.

LAW AND ORDER.

THE report of the national meeting of the Law and Order League of the United States contains also the report of the seventh annual meeting of the local society of the city of Philadelphia. In the national report are not only the addresses made by Governor Beaver, Mr. Bonney, the president, Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Colquitt, but also a very interesting digest of the reports of different local societies.

These last are condensed by Colonel Dudley, the secretary of the national society. They contain accounts from all the New England and Middle States and the Northwestern States east of the Mississippi, and also from Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California, Washington Territory, and Oregon. There is a league at Louisville, and it seems probable that, as the need for the organization is found to exist, leagues will be formed in the other Southern States. There is a strong league in Canada, and this month a national meeting is to be held in Toronto.

Besides the addresses we have named, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. Ogden of Pennsylvania, Mr. Burton of Philadelphia, and Mr. Geiger of the same city, Mr. William Barnes, Governor Pollock, and many other gentlemen spoke.

The report is one which should be widely circulated and widely read. We have so many readers who will not see it that we reprint the speech of Senator Evarts.

ADDRESS BY HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am sure that this crowded assemblage gives its hearty support and its loud applause, not to its speakers, but to these great institutions of Law and Order which have been so impressively presented to you by my friend, Mr. Bonney, of Chicago. That serious and instructive address I am sure has made a deep impres-

sion upon your minds and upon your hearts, and if this great company, distributing itself through this great population of Philadelphia, itself a part of the greater body politic of Pennsylvania, and that itself but a part of the greater national power and strength of the Union — if, on the principles of human influence affecting human duty, this serious and impressive address is garnered in your hearts and finds itself voiced in your persuasions, this meeting will have been a practical aid and support to the scheme and the propagation of it, which no man can fully measure. For it is by these assemblies, and the participation that you yourselves take in the proceedings, that the voice here raised, which otherwise would be but that of the single and the feeble speaker, is reverberated in the chambers of the mind and soul of our wide country and works a prodigious and irresistible power. It is this that makes it suitable that all of us should feel that we would like to have our voices counted with yours, our resolves recorded with yours, and our impulses upon the mind and the action of the nation co-operate with yours.

With such impressions I could not decline your invitation. Although I knew I could do but little good, I could hope that I might not do any harm. I should not, if others could suppose that my voice and my influence could go to swell this triumphant progress of the cry for "Law and Order" that is now heard throughout this land — I certainly could not and should not decline to take part in the good work.

This society of yours, these societies in other States, and this united Convention of the Law and Order workers of the whole country, are eminently practical organizations, and admit of no useful treatment but what belongs to their practical relations to the public welfare; they assume these as the pledge of their organization; it is not to talk, it is not to praise, it is not to applaud, but it is to work that these men are organized, and that it has been and is *work* has been told and made manifest in quarters where it was most unwelcome to those who felt the blows, and in the interests and affections of the communities in which their work has added to their prosperity, their peace, their honor, and their dignity.

We ought to know, and by reflection we should all discern, that the test and trial of the laws under which a nation lives is the measure and the strength and the value and the operation of their *executed* laws, for they constitute the only laws under which we live and by which we are really governed.

Hudibras even taught us that, when he said "The rogue ne'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." The rogue will applaud any number of unexecuted laws. It was by the execution of the law, and when the halter began thus to draw around his neck, that the rogue realized what an ill opinion of the law he had. How shall good citizens and manly citizens have a good opinion of unexecuted law or of magistrates that do not execute the laws, or of grand juries that do not execute the laws, and of petit juries that do not execute the laws, and of chief magistrates that do not see that the laws are executed, and of judges that do not condemn the wicked breakers of the laws? Thus you see we are at once ushered into the great arena of our interest in our Government, in our institutions, in our happiness, in our prosperity, in our glory in the past, our delights with the present, and our plans and hopes for posterity. All turns upon this—*what are our executed laws?*

There are two incidents, of a striking and far-reaching nature, to a condition of unexecuted law. It is the pride and it is the boast of our people, and, for the most part, perhaps, it has been our true position in State Governments and in the greater Government of the Union, that we live under a government of law and not under a government of men. That there is with us no divine right, no power from any source except what proceeds from the consent of the people, sustaining the fabric of its Government, and providing the establishment of its laws and of their interpretation. But if this ceases to be in its working force a government of law, and there is no alternative, what does every nation, thus driven to despair, but call back a government of men when a government of law, as I have defined it, ceases to protect society. There is another alternative, to be sure, perhaps nearer to our observation, more within our calculation, nearer to our practical affairs than this large consideration I have just presented, and that is that unexecuted law leads to irregular attempts at the execution of justice without law and against law.

Thus we, if we appreciate at all the greatness and guarantees of a government of law that is not the government of men, and a government of law that is not of irregular justice, we must see to it that in substance and effect and operation ours is a government of law. It is not enough that we have no other government but that of law, but it behooves us to see that we do have that very government, the government of

law. It was a maxim of a wise moralist of the classic age, which we have read and learned as lawyers, as well as scholars, which, in three words, expresses the whole objects of these Law and Order organizations, their purposes, their achievements, and their prospects: "*Quid leges sine moribus?*" "What is the value of laws if there be not behind them public morals to see that the laws are executed?" This is a condition to good execution of good laws which is not peculiar to any form of government. In an empire, in a monarchy, in an oligarchy, in an aristocratic form of society of grades and ranks, or in that of our advanced stage in the progress of man, when we have no laws and rulers but such as we make ourselves, this point behind is equally true in all forms of government. If a community be wanting in those traits of moral strength and of moral energy that will see that the laws are executed, can it be expected that bad men and bad morals will secure the execution of good laws? By this influence and authority which these combinations are making, are putting forth, and are enlisting in them larger and larger masses of our countrymen, — the honest men and women that make up the strength of this nation, — we are to enforce, to organize, to inflame, if it need be, a zeal for law and order, and morals behind the laws.

This business of executing the laws is not a sensational matter; you cannot rely upon the newspapers for the necessary knowledge; you cannot, for the necessary power, rely upon public agitations and upon great movements or great resentments called out by great provocation. Let all these count for what they may and regulate themselves; the business of enforcing the laws is an every-day and sober and serious labor of life. The eyes of law-breakers and of those who meditate evil never sleep or slumber; the wicked are sordid and cruel of purpose, and private interest keeps active ever their energy against the execution of laws. And no community can willingly spare an organization as noble of purpose as will overmatch this perpetual activity and constant encroachment upon good morals and upon good laws, so constantly operating for evil. It is for that reason that I applaud, and I appeal to every man and woman in this assembly that they should now here applaud, and everywhere and at all times applaud, these men who have associated themselves and have gone soberly, day by day and night by night, to work out the execution of the laws.

We are too apt in this country to think only of one branch of the Scriptural injunction "To be a terror to evil-doers," and the other branch of "Praise to them that do well" we overlook too much. A great magistrate, like your Governor who sits behind me, is entitled to the praise that belongs to them that do well; and so, too, as to the great magistrates of judicial authority, in your highest courts or in the distributed functions through every neighborhood, let good people understand that if these magistrates are to have the full power that you have intended to confide to them under your Constitution and your laws, you must praise them that do well, and not leave them to the slander and vituperation of evil speech and evil surmise. Every honest bosom, every earnest bosom should feel that when a stab is aimed against a great magistrate, a great judge, a good judge, and a good administrator of the law, it is a wound to your breasts, and should disturb your sleep until you have shown your resentment at the wrong and your espousal of the right. That is the way to make effective morals so as to be a power behind the laws. But morals that are asleep, morals that are inert, morals that have no voice, morals that have no opinions and no assertion of them, how do they count in the ceaseless warfare that is going on in these great communities? I put it to you, and through you to the men and women of this country, that morals must be alive and active or they count on the side of evil and not on the side of good.

A great and principal and urgent topic specifically in the organization of these Law and Order clubs is the treatment of the liquor traffic. If one should visit your great city, or the great city of New York, or the other great cities of our country, he would be struck with the noble institutions which, either by public endowment or by private munificence, have been built up in every form of aids and asylums for the unfortunate and the ignorant. They would find, here, your great colleges, the Girard College, and your Pennsylvania College, and, in all the forms that you can imagine, instruction in everything that should attach to a noble society. They would admire your common schools, that take your children and guard them and instruct them that they need not be afraid of fraud or the victims of oppression. When all these had been seen and their survey completed, should your visitors pass down your streets, splendid or squalid, as might be, and should find dramshops at every corner, crowded, in some

parts, into every block, the inquiry must arise, "Whence came all the great institutions and the noble establishments that were to feed the poor in the almshouses, cure the sick in the hospitals, educate the people in the common schools and the colleges, and thus provide for what should be a great and noble city, lived in by a great and noble people?" When assured that those came from public endowments of the city, and from private munificence of the citizens, "Where, then," the wonder would be, "do the inmates of the almshouses and of the madhouses and of the hospitals and of the penitentiaries all come from?" If all these noble influences have been spread as a golden garment over this population, how should burst in this flood of misery and of want? The grogshops must make the answer, "It is from us."

They say that in a political procession up in New Hampshire, some years ago, its course led by the penitentiary, and some remorseless, or remorseful, wag put upon the outer wall of the penitentiary this brief legend,

"By Jones's beer
We all come here."

Is it not strange that this circuit I have given you of provision for every want in mind, in body, and in soul, you should actually, year after year, tolerate the presence of these breeding-grounds of want, of misery, of debasement, and of crime? Shut your eyes to these latter and make all else seem as great and good as you can, and then look, for a little while, at these haunts, as bad and evil as they are, and say what you will do about it, and whether you are to stand manfully behind the "Law and Order" people who have so reduced these grogshops, and mean to reduce them more.

You do well to put the children into the public schools and the orphan asylums to nurture and protect them. What happens to the little children that go to grogshops? These are the true child-stealers. One child that is bodily stolen from its home will inflict a pang upon a whole nation, and everything will be risked to recover that single child. Why is it even worse than death; why is it so inconsolable to the bereaved parents; why so intolerable to society? It is because a living being, a pain-feeling body, a human soul, is at risk, and society concerns itself to do whatever it can to restore one stolen child. Where are these child-stealers of Philadelphia? They ruin the bodies and debauch the minds of these

stolen children, to be returned to society and to their parents, but only as in living death. This is, perhaps, too vivid a presentation, but I ask what these "Law and Order" men say about it. I am told in Boston, my native city, smaller than Philadelphia, and supposed to be under as wise rule for morals as any other city, that when these Law and Order men went to work in Boston they found that rum was sold to fifteen thousand children in the dramshops! Where is your solicitude for these stolen children, where your agony, to redeem them and prevent any further ruining of your young, for these children, even if their parents are depraved, are stolen from society, which has undertaken to guard and keep them and instruct them?

Gentlemen, there are other vices and crimes against society, not so poignant, not so general, not so obvious, not so blazing before society, as these that I speak of connected with the liquor traffic. I wish it to be understood that while these blows are inflicted upon society, society has some blows to give in return. The "Law and Order Society" has given blows in return, and this assemblage, I am sure, when it distributes itself throughout the cultivated and the comfortable homes of this city, will make itself felt by enlarging the rolls of the Law and Order clubs, and the women will give that voice which is denied in suffrage, but is not denied in that influence, greater and more powerful, because it is sweeter and more constant than the suffrage.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I am already encroaching upon the proper share of another speaker who will address you, and I must let this matter stand upon these few suggestions, with a single word, that if you wish to be governed by law you must see that the law is executed, that it shall be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well.

TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a Hand.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

"THE way was long, the wind was cold;
The minstrel was infirm and old."

Sang out Nell Bradley, gaily. "Only in our case it would seem to be the horse that is 'infirm and old.' The minstrel, or rather the pair of them, for you and I have certainly improvised and sung enough to get up a reputation for minstrelsy, seem to be young and active. What are the prospects, Ned?"

"Not very brilliant, Nell. So it looks to me. How a stableman, even, could have the face to put off this lame old horse on anybody, I'm sure I don't know. Then, when you take the snow-storm, which we didn't bargain for, into account, it doesn't look as if we should get there in a hurry."

"How far is it, Ned, now, to Dunmore?" asked Kitty, the dark-complexioned girl.

"I don't know, Kit, I'm sure. You see we had this drive of thirty miles, and everything looks so different in the snow-storm, and we've come so slowly, that I can't tell. The train was late, and the man kept us waiting so long that we didn't leave 'Smith's' till late. The snow set in, and then our old beast took lame. Isn't that a series of misfortunes? We've kept to the road, which seems plain enough; but if we don't come to some sort of a village before long, I think the best thing we can do is to stop at a farm-house and see if they won't take us in."

"Oh, wouldn't that be fun?" exclaimed Nell, her love of adventure and novelty overcoming everything else. "Let's be on the lookout, Kitty, for a real, cosy, nice-looking farm-house, — one that 'opens wide its hospitable doors,' as they say in novels."

"I hope they won't open them very wide, to-night," answered Kitty, drawing up the buffalo-ropes a little closer. "I'm sure we could all crawl through a crack. One can't tell much by the outside of a house. Now, if we were only playing 'travellers' whist,' and could see a white cat sitting in the window, we should think it such good fortune, we'd stop at once."

"O Kitty Turner, what a girl you are! Who else would have thought of the white cat? It's too dark to see now, though."

"I think we shall be a little more comfortable and independent if we can find what they call a 'tavern' in these parts," said Ned; "but we must take what comes. I don't think we had better go much farther, for the snow comes down just as if it meant business. If we don't see a village in a half-hour more, we'll stop, and you girls be on the lookout for the best-looking place."

Ned Bradley and his sister Nell lived in a country town. Their father, on account of his health, had removed from New York the year before, and Kitty Turner, a schoolmate and distant cousin of Nell, had been spending a few weeks with the Bradleys. The young people were now on their way to the house of an uncle, almost on the border-line of Maine, to spend Thanksgiving. They had all been there in summer, and Uncle John, hearing that Kitty was visiting Nell, suggested they should come and spend Thanksgiving. The girls were crazy to go, and Ned, nothing loath, offered to escort them. So they sent word to Uncle John not to send down to "Smith's," as usual, for them, but if they came they'd find a conveyance and drive over. Lucky they said "if;" for when Uncle John found they did not come that night, he merely said, "I suppose Mary saw this storm coming up, and didn't think it safe for the girls to start. She was always weather-wise, was Mary."

But to go back to the merry party in the sleigh. The half-hour passed, and no "tavern" came in sight. The farm-houses had not looked very inviting, so Ned concluded to drive on a little farther.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" mockingly deplored Nell.

"I remember, I remember, the house where I was born," or rather where my grandmother was born, perhaps," retorted Kitty, not to be outdone by Nell, and pointing to an old house which certainly did not look as if it had been built in this generation.

"I'm not sure but we shall have to see what we can do there," said Ned, looking anxiously about. "I don't see anything else, it's beginning to snow faster, and this beast grows lamer every minute. I'm awfully sorry for him, too, and hate to make him go a step farther."

"All right," said Nell. "Let's drive cautiously round and take a good look. I feel like people who used to ask for 'cold victuals,' don't you, Kit?"

"Not quite; but I do hope they are honest, clean people, and will take us in. There! they hear us now. There's a little girl peeping out the window. You go, Ned, and inquire."

Nell held the reins of the willing horse, and Ned stumbled up to the door, which opened wide, and the girls heard a cheery voice call out: "Lost your way, I expect. There don't many people come this way unless they have."

"No," said Ned, "I don't know as we've lost our way. We're going to Dunmore, but got belated. The storm came on, and the old horse took lame, and we are stranded. Can you put us up here?"

"Oh, yes," answered the cheery voice, without any ado. "Of course we can. You're about a mile off the road. We've nothing very grand; but we're comfortable. Come right in, and Henry will look after your horse."

Ned helped the girls out with their bags, and conveyed them safely to the door.

"Two of you!" said the cheery voice. "Well, never mind. 'Tisn't as big a house as it might be, but we're thankful for what we've got, and glad to share it with others. Come right into the kitchen and get warmed up."

Nell and Kitty looked in surprise as the kitchen firelight showed the owner of the loud, cheery voice to be a most demure little old lady. She caught the look, and laughed:—

"I ain't much in size, am I? Well, I've got the use of my legs and arms and am pretty spry. Aunt Louisa (she pronounced it as if spelled *Loisy*, with a sharp *i*), now, can't use her legs; but she's mighty handy with her hands, and old Uncle Dan, her husband, he got both his hands torn to pieces with a gun. Only one pair of feet and hands between 'em! Lucky, ain't they, that they

ain't got four hands and no feet, or four feet and no hands? Now, that's what I say; they've got a lot to be thankful for."

"So they have," said Nell, feeling she must make some response, and busying herself with her wraps while she hid her face in her boa.

"Here, now, girls and boys, you just carry off the young ladies' things. You can set right in front of the fire, and I'll make you a cup of tea to warm you up. Luey, you set the table and put some bread and molasses on, while I bile the kettle."

Kitty looked at Nell, but Nell was struggling with the strap of her "arctic." She didn't care to meet Kitty's fun-loving eyes just then. Bread and molasses was too much for their gravity.

"There now, girls," said the cheery old lady, "set right up to the table. There's two chairs, and the young man can use that keg. I nailed a back on it. Ain't it nice? I was so lucky as to have those old barrel staves to make a back of. It sets good, don't it?" and the old lady drew off and looked at it with admiring eyes. Her dress was patched and faded, but the bright, loving, thankful look in her face glorified her.

Nell caught the infection, and, seizing the keg, declared she would make one just like it in memory of that visit. Kitty, too, declared the chair so comfortable that she must have it, and drew it up to the table.

"May the Lord make us grateful for all our blessings!" said the old lady reverently, as she placed the tea upon the table.

"Tain't nothing but raspberry tea," she explained. "Last year was a good year for raspberries, and it just so come about that we saved all the leaves we want,—not to be extravagant," she corrected herself, "but to have enough for ourselves; and folks who don't have as much as we do are real glad when they're sick to get a little sup."

The girls wondered in their inmost hearts who the people were who were poorer in this world's goods than the cheery-voiced old lady.

"It's good, ain't it?" continued she, bent on being hospitable. "You see we have quite a little family here, and we can't afford to have real tea; but this is just about as good. We have milk, and that's a blessing."

"Well, I think you have a family!" cried Nell, in astonishment, as Henry came in from putting up the horse, and the children returned, who had carried away the wraps, and began to cuddle down on the floor in the corner.

"A little family," she repeated; "it's what Aunt Susan used to call a 'round family.'"

"How many have you, Mrs. —?" asked Kitty, hesitatingly.

"My name is Higgins. It's a good name, isn't it? Not a bit of stain on it. I don't know what I should do if I had a name I was ashamed of. But, bless you! I ain't Mrs.; I ain't married!"

"Not married!" gasped Kitty. "Why, whose children are these?"

"Well, three of 'em is my brother's. When he died, there wasn't anybody to take care of 'em. Wasn't it lucky I had this house? You had better believe I was thankful. Then four of 'em — well, I dunno who they do belong to; I got one at a 'sylum. She wanted a home, and I had one. Then her brother didn't want her to go away, and he cried, and it did seem sort of hard when I had so much," and the old lady glanced around as if she were a queen, and the little old house a kingdom, "to leave him out; and the other two I found in the woods. They didn't seem to belong to anybody. Wasn't I glad I found 'em? Mercy! What if I hadn't! They'd have died."

"Well, there's three more, ain't there? They belong to a family I used to know when I was a girl. I was kinder sorry to take 'em, at first, but you don't know how handy they are; I couldn't get on without 'em, and I've been glad I took 'em ever since. Come, now, Jimmy and Jack, don't stand there staring at the ladies, but clear off the table and scud away to bed."

Jimmy and Jack obeyed with alacrity, drinking what was left of the raspberry tea, and smacking their lips with delight at the unexpected treat.

Kitty and Nell drew up to the fire again, while Ned talked with Henry about the snow-storm, and the prospects of the morrow's journey.

The old lady took up her knitting and drew up to the fire too. A bright-looking girl, Naney, who had been patching a pair of

trousers, now joined the group with her knitting, and the younger children, after a little chattering among themselves, stole off to bed.

Nell and Kitty had fallen "desperately in love," as Ned said afterwards, with the funny little old woman who was so thankful for everything, even the children who had been cast upon her love. The poor old house, shabby as it was, took on an air of comfort, which nothing but the old lady's cheeriness could have given. Nell thought of her own home, that sometimes she grumbled at because it had so few of what she, a New York girl, called "luxuries," and Kitty thought of hers, which had yet more. No such happy, grateful spirit was theirs. They longed to know more about the dear old woman in the patched gown, with the cheery voice, who found cause for gratitude in everything. There she sat by the kitchen fire, knitting away, unconscious of the reverence and love with which the girls were already regarding her. Her fingers were crooked with hard work; her back was bent; her hair was gray; her face was wrinkled; her gown was coarse and patched; but all this was redeemed by the happy, cheerful look which never left her face. "My Princess," Nell dubbed her, and the name clung to her in the after years of happy friendship. Whatever her real name was, the girls never remembered to use it.

"Have you always lived here?" asked Nell, by the way of starting the conversation, and hoping to learn more of her history and the secret of her gratitude.

"Dear, no! I was born, and lived till I was grown, down in Alton, about ten miles from here. My father gave me this little piece of ground with the old house on it. One day he said in fun, 'Mary Jane, there's that five-acre lot over there in the woods. Nobody'll buy it, and I've a good mind to give it to you.' I was so sort of pleased with the idea that he gave me the deed the next day. So, you see, when he died, and there was only Joe and me (Joe was my youngest brother) at home, and not much money, we were thankful enough we had this old house. You see, Joe he had a stroke of paralysis, and he was helpless for a good while. He had an accident that brought it on. He used to be the strongest fellow in the village, and you see when he got helpless, he couldn't bear to see folks. Well, now, wasn't it lucky we had this place, way off from folks? We

wouldn't have been any better off if we'd had a mint of money, would we? We just came and settled right down here, and here we stayed. Sometimes folks we used to know take it into their heads to come and see us and bring us something or other. 'Most always, when they kill a pig down to the village, somebody sends us a piece. We've got a cow, and the children and I can do considerable farming one way and another. You see how comfortable we are!" and she looked around the room with a glance of pride and satisfaction. "Now, my dears, you must go to bed and get rested," and she led the way into an adjoining room, where there were two beds. One was already occupied by three of the little children. An old curtain was stretched across (evidently temporarily) for a sort of screen. Everything was old and patched and faded, but it was also clean and wholesome. The dear little old woman made no apology, but told them what a lovely view there was in the morning from the window, and then bade them "good-night."

"Kitty," said Nell, after they had cuddled down in bed, "don't you think 'twould be kind of nice to stay over Thanksgiving here, and make a nice dinner for these children?"

"Oh, Nell!" exclaimed Kitty, almost jumping up in bed, "how did you happen to think of it? Wouldn't it be just splendid? Uncle John don't know we're really coming, and he won't feel a bit worried about us. At home, they'll all think we're safe at Uncle John's, and so they won't worry. I don't see as there's any reason why we can't. Ned can go down to the village to-morrow morning and get lots of things. I heard the 'Princess' say 'twas only two miles off. I shouldn't wonder if she herself should prove a 'dabster' at cooking, and we can do something, thanks to the cooking-school."

"That's perfectly lovely!" cried Nell. "Let's get to sleep as quick as we can, and start out early in the morning to get ready."

The next morning the girls were awake and dressed by daylight. Eagerly they told their plans to Ned, who approved, and made many helpful suggestions. He readily agreed to make the purchases, and hurried off to feed the poor old horse, which had recovered from his lameness, though the defect of age still hampered him. The "Princess" was interviewed, and agreed to keep them for a couple of days. Nell half explained their plans, and the dear old soul was overjoyed.

"How good of you!" she cried. "Was ever anybody so fortunate! Just to think that we should have such a merry-making in our house!"

The day was lovely. The storm had ceased in the night, but the snow was deep. Ned started for the village with two of the children tucked in the back seat. He was loaded down with orders by the girls, who called after him not to forget "this" or "that" as long as he was within hearing distance. It was near noon when he returned. The whole family were anxiously looking, and could hardly wait for the unpacking.

"My! what a turkey," cried Nancy. "Won't this be a real Thanksgiving!"

"Cranberry sauce all the way from Cape Cod!" sung out Ned, as he pulled out some cans of cranberry. Raisins, flour, vegetables, fruit, suet, mince-meat all made, — everything which the village afforded was there to spread a Thanksgiving feast. The little children could not contain their joy, and even the "Princess," after the pies were baked, that night, and the raisins all stoned for the pudding, stole softly out to the shed to take another look at the big turkey.

Another bright day for Thanksgiving! Everything was ready. Each little pair of feet had trotted and done its best to help in the great preparations. Never was such excitement since the time of the little "Cratchits." As they drew up the two chairs, the old keg, the two seats from the sleigh, and some old boxes, the "Princess" said, with bowed head, —

"For all our blessings, O Lord, make us truly thankful!"

"Who could have thought, when the storm came on that night, that it would be such a blessing to us?" she said.

"And to us," rejoined Nell, eagerly. "No, do not thank us. We thank you for teaching us the lesson of gratitude."

"May we always remember, like you, dear Princess," said Kitty, "in everything to give thanks."

MY CLUB.

I CAN only give the outline of our club. It seemed to grow with my growth, and still continues to do so. I looked about for work, and found help was needed in a sewing-school. I began to teach there. My class consisted of five girls, and two of these, having grown beyond the age of the scholars taught there, graduated, leaving me with two members and three old ones. I had invited my class to spend two days with me in the country each summer, and they had seemed to enjoy themselves. Now I had seven to come, because I still kept my absent two in my heart. I began to call on them at their own homes, in order to learn more of them and their mothers. From seeing the needs there I grew to trying to help them also. I found I could do it best in talks with the children, and as I can't talk without working we began to meet and sew. I wrote to Baldwinville, Mass., for the name of some little girl in the hospital. Then I wrote to the girl and told her the names of my class, and asked her to write to me and tell me what she needed to wear and that my club would sew for her; also that they sent love and sympathy. She was a cripple and unable to write, but the matron wrote me about her, and said she needed everything. They had read my letter to her and she seemed happy at the idea. Then I told my class all about her, and bought material for night-gowns, underclothes, and aprons, which I took to our place of meeting, which was the house of each scholar in succession. We met on Saturday afternoons at half-past one and sewed until three o'clock. I asked the children to talk with their parents about our club, also about little Maggie and the work we intended to do for her. In order to let the mothers lend a hand, I asked them to cut something for us, and from that time they cut all the garments. We made thirteen, and nearly all the sewing was done by my little girls.

One more girl came in, one who had been hopelessly dull in sewing, and whom I agonized over and said it was not my duty to take, but whom I did take because I felt she needed something. We

now began to call ourselves a club. And we also had rules that no one should speak rudely or angrily, no one should lie or swear, smoke or take snuff, which is a very common practice among the mill girls here. They should brush their hair and teeth and nails every day, and have no soiled or torn clothes that it was possible to avoid. Every violation was to be punished by loss of credit. They were to earn their badges by good deeds and keeping the rules. Every week I let each child tell me what it could remember to have done for others through the week, always impressing upon them that their service must be loving. The smallest thing done in a spirit of love and kindness was more than the greatest done in a grudging way or merely for praise. They were never to be cruel to anything, and were to try to use the best language. All errors were corrected in the class and before the mothers, who thus learned many things. And now my hopelessly stupid member came out of her shell. She was the first one to correct the grammatical errors, and saw the best way of lending a hand. She was truthful and steadfast, and became a comfort to me, although she still is apt to backstitch her hems and run her seams.

After each one had told her week's experience, I let the class decide which should wear the badge the coming week, asking their reasons for the decision, and they never once decided against my judgment, although they had no idea what I had decided. If the same girl wore the badge two weeks in succession, she had earned it and could keep it, but if another won it from her she must begin again.

I always made the meetings as sunny and loving, as courteous and instructive, as I could. We recited the rules every time and why we were called a Lend a Hand Club. They all seemed much interested, and cheerfully gave up their only play afternoon to sew for Maggie. One of them told me it was twice as hard to be good when the skating was smooth and she had new skates.

One of the girls, who was quick and bright, pretty and interesting, was also very high-tempered, and on our third meeting, which was held at her house, her mother told me before the class that K. was the worst child she ever saw. She was ugly, hateful, lazy, and saucy, and that she had whipped her more than any other of her chil-

dren; also, that it had done no good, and she had told K. she should tell me all about the way she acted. I felt very much surprised, but talked to the girl, and the class all said they would try not to get angry once during the coming week, and that they would all think of K. each day and try to help her. Her mother was to report to me if there were any improvement. And that girl won the first badge, and her mother said she was one of the best girls now. Of course she has not fought the battle of life, but she has learned the most essential thing about it, viz., that she can and must conquer self if she would make herself and others happy. A lifetime on this earth is short to grow, where one can always do so. The hardest step is the first. During the summer I have not met with the class, but call on them occasionally and shall ask them here soon to spend the day.

They are to keep the rules just the same and to lend a hand on all occasions. When they come they will tell me how they have lifted burdens. I often meet them in the street and always try to keep their interest awake. In September our meetings begin again. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the work or how much I have learned. A friend said she should try to have a club in the same way next winter.

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE Crescent Lend a Hand Club will be two years old October 1, 1889. It has over fifty members, paying annual dues of one dollar each, has a pleasantly furnished room, owns all its furniture, including fixtures for a lunch-room, and owes not a dollar. Still it is very hard to get anything done in it. Most of the members have little time or energy for work outside after they get through their daily work for bread and butter. I believe Ten Times One is a grand scheme of organization for benevolent work.

We have president and other officers. The only requisites for membership are good moral character and payment of a dollar annually. About all the work so far has been done by the officers and a few volunteer helpers, but we feel that the best method would be a plan that gave every member at least a little to do, and, if possible, such as she could do to the best advantage. We have proposed forming sections or circles of members, each to have a definite part of the work and to be entirely responsible therefor (in co-operation with the officers, that is), but so far have not been able to carry it out. We have had to feel our way and make experiments, and would be glad of help.

BOSTON, MASS.

EIGHT boys of different kinds and ages, members of the Good Samaritan Sabbath School, organized their club four months ago, taking the motto: "*Seek and Do.*"

Meetings are held Tuesday evenings in the chapel, once in two weeks (the intermediate Tuesdays being taken up with a walk in the woods, game of ball, or other sport).

The first part of the evening is devoted to "seeking wisdom," chiefly from literary sources. Each week a reading committee is chosen for this, and a short debate follows. Then there is an intermission for "crackers and cheese," during which informal talking, hand-shaking, and short games are indulged in.

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

The meeting closes with a report from the working committee (chosen each week), who, during the past two weeks, have remembered that they were to "*Do their duty toward God, toward their neighbors, and to themselves,*" and in a gentle way tell their associates in what manner they have been able to perform some or all of these duties.

The club has increased to sixteen, and, for the winter, intends to publish a club paper in lieu of its walks, devoted to church, club, and local interests. Already most of the boys have learned to set type (having collected quite an office among themselves), their Sunday School teacher being competent to teach this craft.

The most interesting feature thus far developed in the club is the moulding of a dozen *omnis generis filii* into one harmonious little brotherhood.

PORTLAND, ME.

THE organization of over a hundred boys into classes of about ten each was attempted for two evenings a week. Everything went well for a while. The motto was committed to memory, then the plan was to have each boy tell of some good deed or kind act he had done, and this was put down in a note-book by the lady having charge of each class, the whole report to be read each month.

When the good deed was helping mother, bringing wood, shoveling snow, carrying water, giving a hungry dog some meat, or a starved cat some milk, it was, of course, commendable, but in this, as in all else, it was found that the spirit of rivalry or desire for praise led the boys to make up good deeds doubtless never done. One small lad gave the startling information "that he gave a cup of milk to a sick horse;" and when the novelty of the club had worn off, a less number of boys would come to the rooms, excepting on the evening devoted entirely to gymnastics. This scheme of humanizing the "street gamins" seemed somehow not to have the desired effect. However, the committee continued the classes, having an occasional lecture or concert, and the presence of ladies and gentlemen in the gymnasium and library gradually softened the boys' manners and improved their moral tone.

At any rate, the warm rooms were kept open until May, and

another year doubtless new plans will be made. Can you suggest anything for us?

BOSTON, MASS.

A SOCIAL CLUB of ladies (twelve in number) resolved to reorganize their little band into a Lend a Hand Club, thereby adding charitable work to their social pleasures.

Our first meeting was held in Ivy Leaf Hall, Boston, April 29, 1889. We elected a president, secretary, and treasurer for the ensuing year, also drafted a set of resolutions and adopted them for our by-laws. Our badges are the Grecian cross, fastened with a purple ribbon.

Our regular meetings are held once a month, each member providing something in the way of refreshments to furnish the supper. The gentlemen are invited semi-annually.

Each member agreed to pay a fine of ten cents if absent, and in this way we started our treasury. Since then we have a box, and the members contribute what they please.

We work in a small, quiet way. Since we organized, we have sent provisions and delicacies to a very sick man and his invalid wife. And through the influence of the club the Associated Charities have assisted them in several ways. We have made garments for a family where the mother was able to furnish material but could not find time to sew. Also visited a poor widow whose only child, a son, lay at the point of death. We sent fruit, delicacies, and a sum of money. We have sent a barrel of clothing and reading matter to the Soldiers' Home.

Our next work is to send a box of clothing to the Aged Couples' Home. Also to furnish articles, both useful and fancy, for the home table for their fair, which takes place in November.

In the meantime whatever opportunities present themselves to us we shall strive to do, and work to the best of our ability and knowledge In His Name.

HOLDEN, MO.

WE have a very modest class composed of my Sunday school class. It is self-called the King's Daughters, and meets fortnightly,

except in July and August. It is composed of eleven nominal and about eight active members. It has contributed a bundle of clothing, mostly of their own make, to the distressed in Pennsylvania, but at present has no specified object in view.

At the last meeting the club voted to prepare suitable exercises for what they call a public meeting of the society, by which they hope to interest others in the formation of similar clubs. Should this prove successful they will continue occasional public meetings.

There is considerable interest taken by the King's Daughters. I cannot help thinking it brings Christ nearer to them, and I really feel more free to speak of practical service for Him there than in the Sunday school itself, perhaps because it is less public.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

OUR society was formed April 3, 1889. We have not been doing any real work, but have taken papers and bouquets to hospitals, etc. The name of our society is Joy-givers.

WHILE in Boston we got the silver Maltese crosses for the Bright Side Club. I fear we shall be the most insignificant of the Tens, but there is a pleasure in feeling that we are in league with others who are helping to bring in the Kingdom.

THE members were all school girls, aged from twelve to sixteen, and they were greatly interested in the work, and spent all their Saturdays, up to within two weeks of Christmas, preparing a box to be sent to the Orphans' Home at Vallejo. They made a dozen picture-books and gave Testaments and story-books, with toys enough to fill a large box. Besides this they sent a roll of very pretty pictures to pin on the walls of their rooms.

INTELLIGENCE.

RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

IN the last issue of *LEND A HAND* we gave our readers a short account of Miss Sorabgi, a remarkable Hindu lady who is at present in England. It is interesting to know that Miss Hamlin, who is on her way to join Ramabai in Bombay, has met Miss Sorabgi in London. She has come to England to study at the Somerville College for Women, Oxford, and Miss Hamlin writes of her: "She is very bright and intelligent." Miss Sorabgi knows Pundita Ramabai, and spoke highly of her lectures, which she had heard, upon America and also upon Japan. "She has been speaking," said Miss Sorabgi, "in various temples on the Puranas, and no woman ever spoke in a temple before."

Miss Hamlin has also had the pleasure of meeting Ruckmabai, Ramabai's friend, who endured much persecution for refusing to live with her husband. Six months ago she left India and came to England. "She is exceedingly interesting, with a kind and benevolent expression of countenance," writes Miss Hamlin. Her English is imperfect, while that of Miss Sorabgi is excellent, though she has been in the country but two weeks.

Miss Manning, the Honorable Secretary of the Indian Association, received Miss Hamlin cordially, giving her the benefit of her own studies in India during a recent visit there, and expressing the interest England feels in Ramabai and the Sharada Sadan.

It is with pleasure that we print words from people who

are in a position to know about India and the Hindus. We are permitted to copy from a private letter from an intelligent Scotch gentleman, many years resident in India, the following extract:—

“In my opinion an improvement in the condition of the Hindu widow will come with the education of her sex. It is improving gradually, and will continue to do so as the educational standard rises and spreads. It will be many, many years before Christianity works a change, for the simple reason that practically *no* converts are made from the castes in which child-widows are debarred from marrying again. Converts are made from the low castes, where the women have comparative liberty. With very few exceptions this is the case all over India.”

This gentleman is not in Bombay, and is writing of a school he has heard of, but never seen. It certainly gives great satisfaction to the association to find that the plan of the school meets such warm approval as it does from thoughtful people.

The school has now been open seven months, and the executive committee feel encouraged to find that in that short time nine child-widows have applied and been received, and three more are under consideration. Careful inquiry is necessary before admission, and the Advisory Board in India have shown wisdom in their selection, as the letters from Ramabai and her assistant, Miss Demmon, testify.

The annual meeting of the Ramabai Association, of which notice will be given, will be held early in December. It is hoped that subscriptions may be increased, and that such a work may not suffer from lack of means.

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Bay State Trust Co., 87 Boylston Street, Boston, is the treasurer of the Ramabai Association, and will gladly receive money to be devoted to general expenses, or the building fund, as may be desired by the giver. Particulars with regard to the work may be had by addressing Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, New York.

CHURCH FARM SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

AT East Barnet, in Hertfordshire, England, is a capital trade-school for boys, founded in 1860 by Colonel Gillum. Visitors are always welcomed, and it may be easily reached by booking from King's Cross to Oakleigh Park Station. The change is very pleasant out of the roar and smokiness of London to the wide fields and hills of the country. A short walk brings one to the entrance lodge of Church Hill House, Colonel Gillum's own grounds, and just beyond you pass by a white farm gate into the school grounds.

Fancy a ne'er-do-weel street Arab caught up from dingy, crowded Southwark, and set down in the airy dormitory, with regular occupation for head and hand, country fare, games and gardening for pleasure. Then the help of surroundings—the green, rolling country; cows cropping aslant the pastures; long shadows under the far-spread trees; flights of birds overhead; the barn swallow's nest under the eaves; the hedge dividing them from a quaint, tiny church over whose turret tower an ivy runs riot, even to the fox-vane pointing aloft from medley of red roofs and stacked hay—to say nothing of the Colonel's and Mrs. Gillum's own influence for good. It would be a queer boy not to feel it and win lasting benefit.

There were but four boys at the start, and they used a small cottage for home and studies, but as the work grew other buildings have been gradually added. The original cottage is still used as a sort of office, while the master's rooms adjoin the extension. This last has a row of dormitories above and class-rooms for workmanship below. There are at present about eighty boys in the school, and a heartier, more wide-awake set of lads it would be hard to find.

Supposing your visit to take place in the forenoon, you will first be shown the school museum in the office. This is a

cabinet filled with curiosities sent back by former pupils to the old school from the ranch or army post to which they have since been called. The relation between old boys and the present ranks is very close and helpful. In a fine, large album may be seen photographs of many of the graduates, not infrequently accompanied by wife and child. There is a Prize Fund maintained by prosperous pupils, and at the Whit-Monday gathering all within reach come back to see the championship sports, to cricket, and recall old times. Passing on into an ante-room you will find several cases of common shells and butterflies, which the boys are encouraged to collect and learn about. The arrangement is their own and often fanciful. The jubilee year saw one crown, at least, formed by glued shells. They spend many evenings happily this way in the early winter, before taking them to their relatives in the Christmas holidays. Going on, you next find the youngest boys rather clumsily learning to sew bags, as a stepping-stone to the tailoring class. As you enter, the boys all rise and make a half military salute, and then settle to their needle once more.

The school uniform is a corduroy suit, with red tie and Scotch cap, and is most becoming. Beside the tailor lads there are others learning boot-making, and in a small shed across the yard one of the masters uses a circular saw to cut blocks of wood to a given length, when the boys can readily split them small and bind them into salable bundles. This, and the sale of boots, is one of the resources of the school. The farming, as such, does not pay save as a school of instruction. To be of profit it must needs be all one crop. However, the brook which flows through the grounds is valuable for its cresses, and it is a great thing to give the boys a taste for country life, many from the school having become stout colonists in Canada and Australia. The dormitories above the class-rooms are fresh and sunny, the large windows opening out on rolling country to the right of the Cock Foster foot-path. Their iron bed-frames are jointed so as to fold

back for greater day space, and the clothes are neatly piled at the top. Along the walls are gayly-colored texts, each boy being allowed to choose his own design. All at once a shout calls one to the window, and there you see all the fellows striving merrily at foot-ball, and getting a famous appetite for dinner. This sets free Mr. Bowden, their excellent teacher, and he brings us across to the school-room. This is a fine, large hall, the forms fronting his desk, and lettered in colors overhead are selected texts on Wisdom, capable of direct application.

Opposite the entrance, and to the left of the master's seat, is a tablet put up in memory of the late Mrs. Bowden, a much beloved matron. Near the door are posted the names of successive winners in the championship games.

This hall is turned into a concert room when the prizes are given at Christmas—the audience made up of the lads' own friends—and much their singing and band music is enjoyed, too.

Crossing the room, a door at the left opens into a passage with fixed wash-basins, and sundry youngsters, more or less lathery, were tidying up for the coming meal. This arrangement of lavatory enables the dairy and farm boys to make themselves neat for school or table at small loss of time. This was a busy moment in the kitchen, and we barely caught a glimpse of the "house boys" for the week, helping serve up.

Coming out by the barn, we saw the old pony which the boys drive in delivering the milk near by, and we saw, too, the rainy-weather play-room, its open rafters inscribed in old English text: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy." While the centre beam had our Lowell's: "Dare to be in the right with two or three."

But the din outside has ceased, and, coming forth, we find the lads have closed ranks and are marching in for dinner. It is late to follow them, and so, with a parting glance at the

garden plots, left to each fellow's own option, and showing a medley of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, we turn toward the station, noticing, as we leave the grounds, the new cottage occupied by the labor master and his brother, who, like several of their assistants, were former scholars. The babies of these households are great pets amongst the boys.

Nothing can exceed the homelike, wholesome character and spirit of the place, and this tie of their school years is carried on and strengthened by an annual Flying Leaf, being a round-robin of letters from their old friends, the Colonel and his wife, from Mr. Bowden and his helpers, together with bits of general interest from their school-fellows' letters, and, so far as known, the present address of each.

WORK FOR THE WORKLESS.

THE following appeal was issued in Boston, but is equally good for every large city which has adopted a system of co-operation of charities. We publish it with the hope that it may bring new and zealous workers into the field.

The season has returned when benevolent persons, in looking about a large city like Boston, begin to feel not only that something may be done, but that they themselves would like to do something, for the less fortunate people they see around them.

In our stirring community where men who are busied at all have more than they can do, it is incumbent upon us to remember that if able-bodied persons are poor and out of work it can only be a waste of material to give them either money or goods; the single way in which they can be helped is to show them how they may take care of themselves.

The poor (as we call them) have late been classed as follows :
The intemperate, the indolent, and the ignorant.

Surely, for these classes some better way must be found to help the suffering they create than that of wasting our substance by giving to them.

But there are also three other classes :

Those who cannot get work, the aged, and the unfortunate.

Unhappily, the first three classes exert a great deal of ingenuity in order to make people believe that they belong to the last three, and it is for this reason, and for the purpose of taking the proper steps for the permanent relief of misery, that organized or associated charities have been adopted in our American cities.

There is great need in Boston of more visitors and larger co-operation. Our Associated Charities is not a society like another that is run by its officers. Associated charity is run by the people, or not at all. Those who are actively interested, and who see the reforms that are brought about through organized Christian crusades, make this public appeal, asking that every man and woman who is free from the pressure of daily and hourly labor for his or her daily bread will give a few hours every week to this service. The central office is 41 Charity Building, Chardon Street, where offers of service will be gladly received.

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BALDWINVILLE, MASS. — *Hospital Cottages for Children*. Sixth and Seventh Annual Reports. *President*, Dr. George Jewett; *Secretary*, Chas. L. Simmons. The object is the "care, training, and treatment of diseased, maimed, epileptic, feeble-minded destitute and orphan children." Expenses of year ending June 30, 1889, \$5,478.56; balance on hand, \$196.18.

BOSTON. — *Channing Home*. Twenty-first Annual Report. *President*, Samuel A. Green, M. D.; *Clerk*, Charles P. Curtis. A Home for sick women where chronic and incurable cases are admitted. Current expenses, \$3,830.97; balance on hand, \$777.99.

BOSTON. — *Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society*. Twenty-second Annual Report. *President*, Alexander McKenzie, D. D.; *Secretary*, Horace P. Chandler. A Society established for the moral and religious improvement of seamen and others, irrespective of creed and nationality. Current expenses, \$8,423.15; balance on hand, \$36.29.

BOSTON. — *Massachusetts Infant Asylum*. Twenty-second Annual Report. *President*, John F. Andrew; *Secretary*, H. B. Cabot. A Home where infants under nine months old are admitted for adoption, or to be claimed by parents when able to care for

them. Current expenses, \$14,077; balance on hand, \$1,064.67.

BOSTON. — *Instructive District Nursing Association*. Third Annual Report. *President*, Miss Phebe G. Adam; *Secretary*, Mrs. F. W. Chandler. The object is to care for the sick poor in their homes, and give instruction in home nursing. Current expenses, \$3,524.69; balance on hand, \$1,792 52.

BOSTON. — *Home for Destitute Catholic Children*. Annual Statement. *President*, John B. O'Brien; *Secretary*, James Havey. A Home under Roman Catholic management for destitute children. Current expenses, \$16,251.51; balance on hand, \$3,385.94.

BOSTON. — *New England Home for Little Wanderers*. Twenty-fourth Annual Report. *President*, J. Warren Merrill; *Secretary*, John O. Bishop. A Home for children, unlimited by sect or nationality. Current expenses, \$21,820.81; balance on hand, \$5,740 69.

BROOKLYN. — *Bureau of Charities*. Eighth Annual Report. *President*, Alfred T. White; *Secretary*, George B. Buzelle. The Society promotes co-operation between benevolent societies, and strives to prevent pauperism by making people self-supporting. Current expenses, \$14,240.04; balance on hand, \$1,315.97.

BUFFALO. — *Women's Educational and Industrial Union*. Fifth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. George W. Townsend; *Secretary*, Mrs. Porter Norton. The purpose is to "increase fellowship among women," and promote their advancement. Current expenses, \$3,398.20; balance on hand, \$612.17.

NEW YORK. — *Home of Industry and Refuge for Discharged Convicts*. Annual Report. *President*, J. H. Boswell; *Superintendent*, Charles Stewart. The Institution affords a home and endeavors to provide work for discharged prisoners. Current expenses, \$5,534.02; balance on hand, \$436.26.

ROXBURY, MASS. — *Home for Aged Couples*. Fifth Annual Report. *President*, Elizabeth Abbott Carleton, M. D.; *Secretary*, Mrs. William B. Tilton. The Home is a non-sectarian Christian home for the aged and needy. Current expenses, \$5,494.49; balance on hand, \$2,012.05.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. — *Berkshire County Home for Aged Women*. Annual Statement. *President*, Dr. J. F. A. Adams; *Clerk*, William L. Adam. A Home where aged women may be received temporarily or permanently. No treasurer's report given.

NEW BOOKS.

ABBOTT, REV. LYMAN. Signs of Promise. Sermons preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

BEAUGRAND, CHARLES. Walks Abroad of Two Young Naturalists. Translated by Prof. David Sharp. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

BILGRAM, HUGO. Involuntary Idleness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

BOOTH, CHARLES Edited by. Labor and Life of the People of East London. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BUTLER, DR. G. R. Emergency Notes. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS, Proceedings of the Third Convention of. Held at Detroit, Mich., November, 1888. May be obtained from Miss A. S. Robins, First National Bank Building, New Haven, Conn.

CLIFFORD, EDWARD. Father Damien. A Journey from Cashmere to His Home in Hawaii. London: Macmillan & Co.

DOSTOYENSKY, FEODOR M. Crime and Punishment. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

HARRIS, MRS. F. MCCREADY (Hope Ledyard). Plain Talk with Young Home-Makers. New York: Cassell & Co.

HERNDON, WILLIAM H., and Jesse William Weik, M. A. Herndon, Lincoln. The History and Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. New York: Belford, Clarke & Co.

MAGENNIS, MRS. MARGARET J. The Foe of the Household; or, Scenes in Temperance Work, with an introduction by Mrs. M. A. Livermore. Boston: McDonald, Gill & Co.

MORSE, JOHN T., JR. Benjamin Franklin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PEACOCKE, J. M. Disposal of the Dead. 247 Madison Street, Brooklyn.

PROCTOR, RICHARD A. Strength; How to Get Strong and Keep Strong. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

RICHARD, ELLEN H. Domestic Economy in Public Education.

SANBORN, JOHN WESTWORTH. A. M. Go to the Ant and Learn Many Wonderful Things. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

THAYER, ELL. A History of the Kansas Crusade. Its Friends and Its Foes. Introduction by E. E. Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers.

TOLSTOI, L. N. War and Peace. Translated by N. H. Dole. 2 Vols. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

TRUE, B. M. C., AND JOHN W. DICKINSON. Our Republic. Boston: I. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

VILLARI, PROF. PASQUALE. Life and Times of Gerolamo Savonarola. Translated by Linda Villari, with portraits and illustrations. New York: Scribner & Welford.

VINCENT, J. H. Church, School and Sunday School Normal Guide. New York City: Hunt & Eaton.

WILLARD, FRANCES E. Glimpses of Fifty Years. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association.